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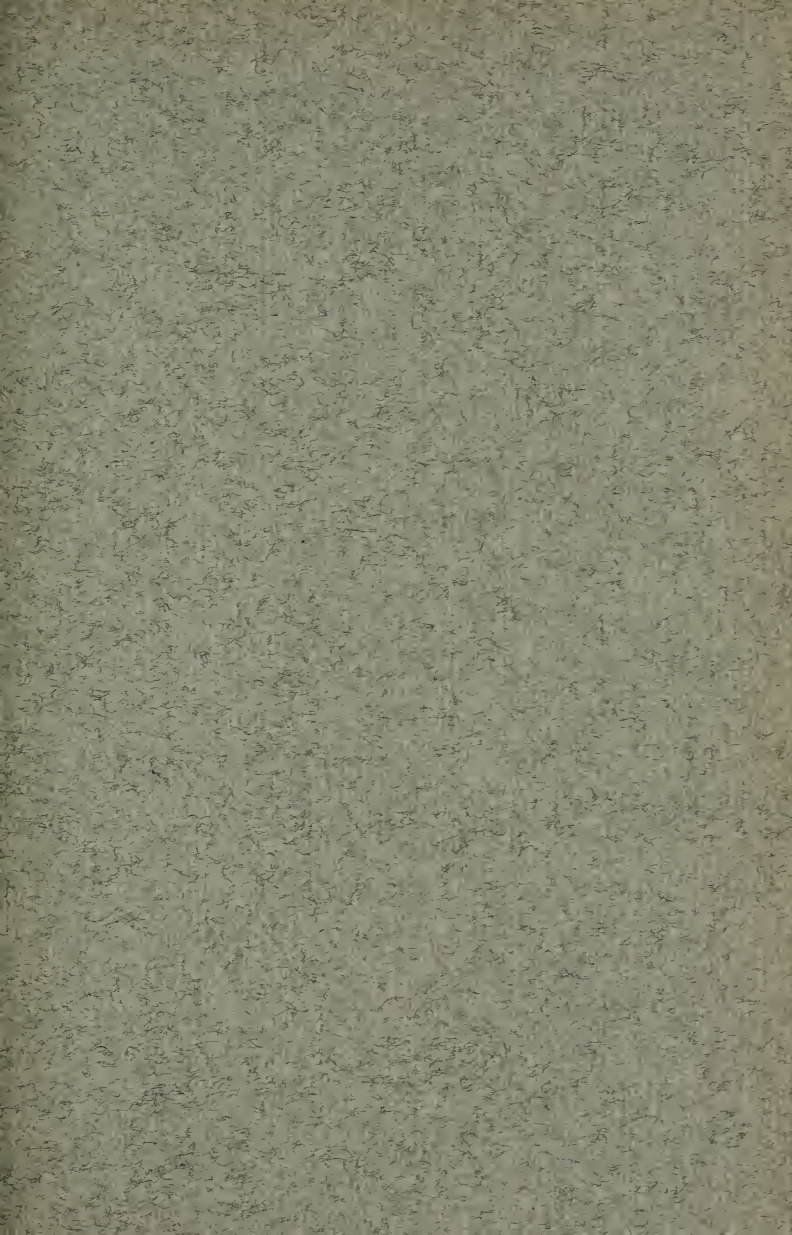
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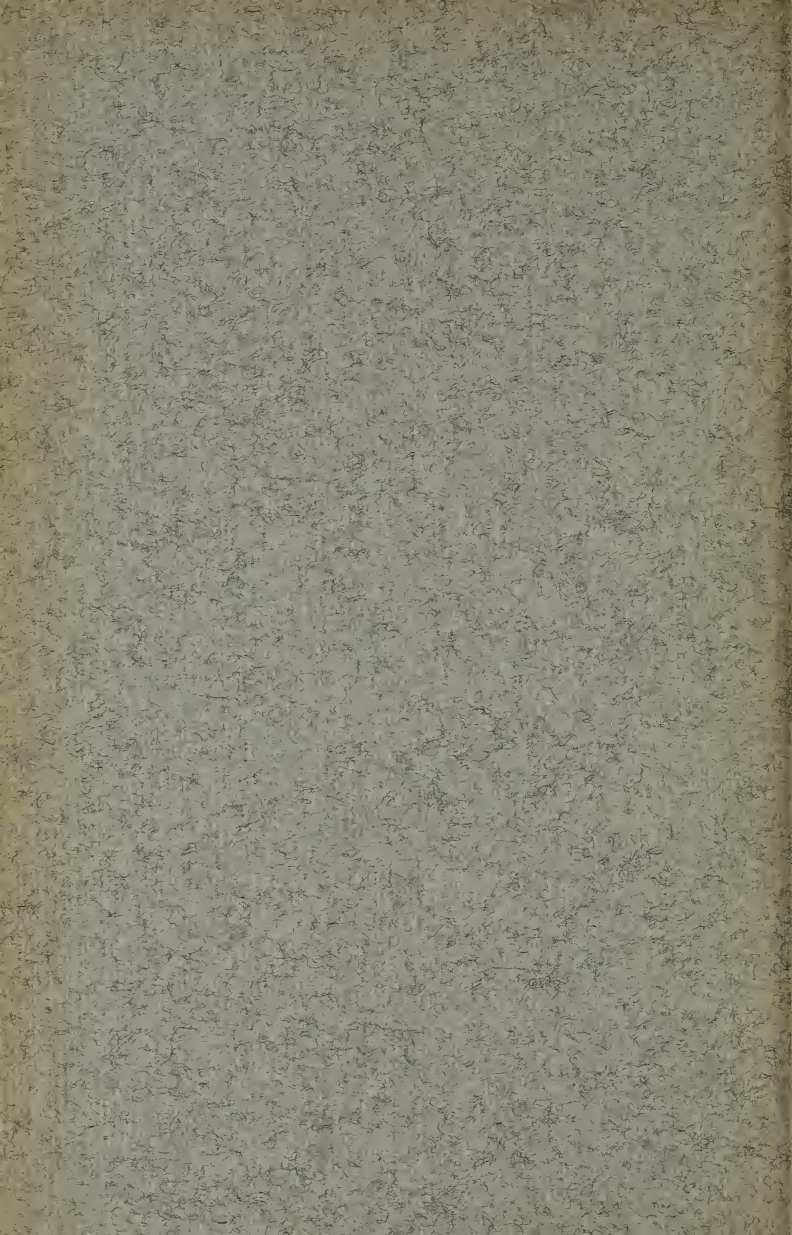


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VOLUME EIGHT

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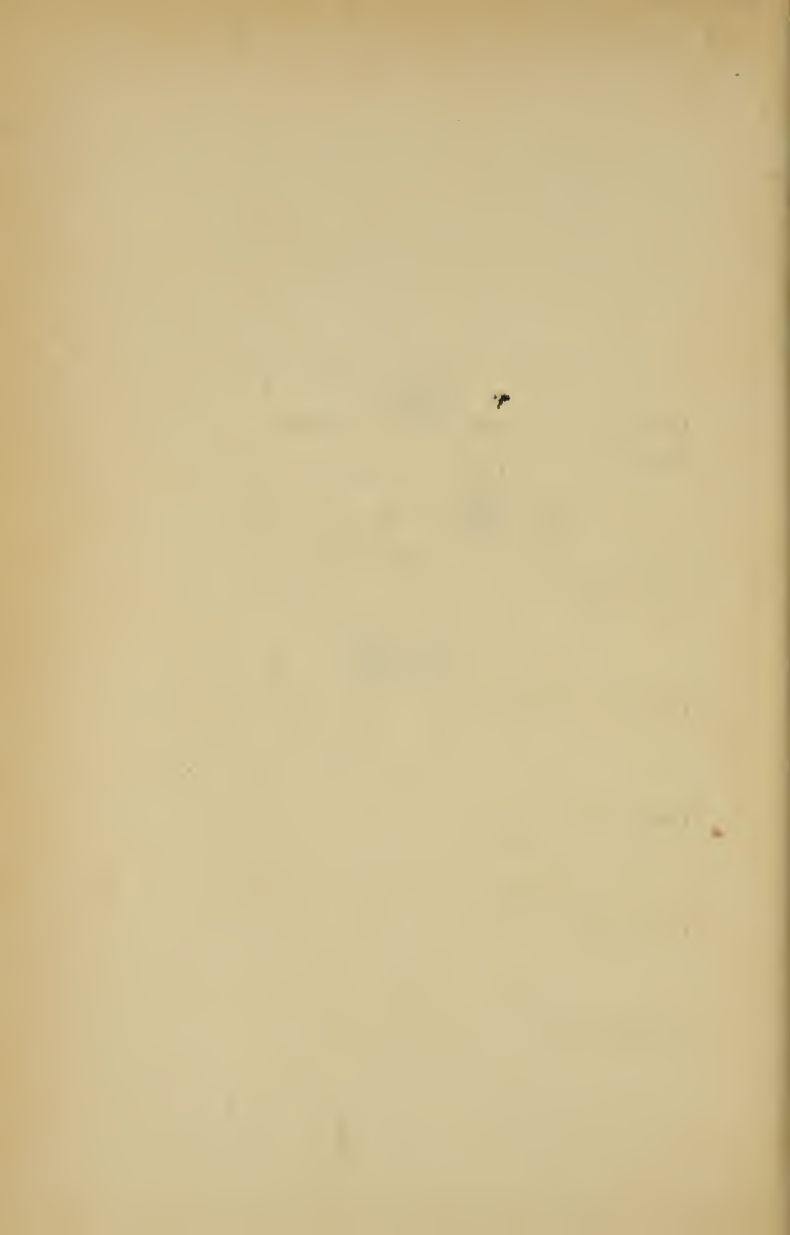
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VOL. VIII.

No. 1

OCTOBER 25, 1913



“A WANT OF OCCUPATION IS NOT REST,
A MIND QUITE VACANT IS A MIND DISTRESS’D.”



CYPRESS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK

From Painting by ART UR F, MATHEWS



THE WAY TO WEALTH.

by BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.



OURTEOUS reader, I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean, old man, with white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would



you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for 'A word to the wise is enough,' as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering around him, he proceeded as follows.

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; 'God helps them that help themselves,' as Poor Richard says.

"I. It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. 'Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears; while the used key is always bright,' as Poor Richard says. 'But dost thou



love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of,' as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that, 'The sleeping fox catches no poultry,' and that 'There will be sleeping enough in the grave,' as Poor Richard says.

"'If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be' as Poor Richard says, 'the greatest prodigality;' since, as he elsewhere tells us, 'Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.' Let us then be up and doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. 'Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy;' and 'He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night;' while 'Laziness travels so slowly, that Poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee;' and 'Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,' as Poor Richard says.

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. 'Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting.



There are no gains without pains ; then help, hands, for I have no lands ;' or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. 'He that hath a trade hath an estate ; and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honour,' as Poor Richard says ; but then the trade must be worked at and the calling followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious we shall never starve ; for 'At the working-man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.' Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for 'Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.' What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, 'Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep while slugs sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.' Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows,' as Poor Richard says ; and further, 'Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.' If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle ? Are you then your own master ? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there



BLUE LODGE ROOM, MASONIC TEMPLE





is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mittens; remember that 'The cat in gloves catches no mice,' as Poor Richard says. It is true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily and you will see great effects; for 'Constant dropping wears away stones;' and 'By diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable;' and 'Little strokes fell great oaks.'

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says: 'Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.' Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for 'A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock;' whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. 'Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good morrow.'



“II. But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs, with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,

“‘I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft removed family,
That thrive so well as those that settled be.’

And again, ‘Three removes are as bad as a fire;’ and again, ‘Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;’ and again, ‘If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.’ And again,

“‘He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.’

And again, ‘The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands;’ and again, ‘Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;’ and again, ‘Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open.’ Trusting too much to others’ care is the ruin of many; for ‘In the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it;’ but a man’s own care is profitable; for, ‘If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was



lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy ; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.'

"III. So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business ; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone and die not worth a groat at last. 'A fat kitchen makes a lean will ;' and

" 'Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.'

'If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.'

"Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families ; for

" 'Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small and the want great.'

And further, 'What maintains one vice would bring up two children.' You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch, now



and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter ; but remember, ‘Many a little makes a mickle.’ Beware of little expenses . ‘A small leak will sink a great ship,’ as Poor Richard says ; and again, ‘Who dainties love, shall beggars prove ;’ and moreover, ‘Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.’

“Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them *goods* ; but, if you do not take care, they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than their cost ; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says : ‘Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities.’ And again, ‘At a great pennyworth pause awhile.’ He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only and not real ; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, ‘Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.’ Again, ‘It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance ;’ and yet this folly is practised



every day at auctions, for want of minding the *Almanac*. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly and half starved their families. 'Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire,' as Poor Richard says.

"These are not the necessities of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! By these, and other extravagances, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly, that 'A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentlemen on his knees,' as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, 'It is day and will never be night;' that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but 'Always taking out of the meal-tub and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom,' as Poor Richard says; and then, 'When the well is dry, they know the worth of water.' But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. 'If you would know



the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing,' as Poor Richard says; and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick further advises and says,

“ ‘Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.’

And again, ‘Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.’ When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, ‘It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.’ And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

“ ‘Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.’

It is, however, a folly soon punished; for as Poor Richard says, ‘Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt. Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.’ And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health nor ease pain; it makes no increase



of merit in the person ; it creates envy ; it hastens misfortune.

“ But what madness must it be to *run in debt* for these superfluities ? We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months’ credit ; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah ! think what you do when you run in debt ; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor ; you will be in fear when you speak to him ; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying ; for ‘ The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt,’ as Poor Richard says ; and again, to the same purpose, ‘ Lying rides upon Debt’s back ;’ whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. ‘ It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.’

“ What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or



gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in jail till you shall be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, 'Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.' The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels, as well as his shoulders. 'Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter.' At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but



DETAIL
BLUE LODGE ROOM
MASONIC TEMPLE



“ ‘For age and want save while you may ;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.’ ”

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever while you live, expense is constant and certain ; and ‘It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,’ as Poor Richard says ; so ‘Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.’

“ ‘Get what you can, and what you get hold ;
’Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.’ ”

And, when you have got the Philosopher’s Stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

“ IV. This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom ; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things ; for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven ; and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered and was afterwards prosperous.

“ And now, to conclude, ‘Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,’ as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that ; for, it is true, ‘We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.’ However, remember this, ‘They



that will not be counselled, cannot be helped ;' and further, that, ' If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles,' as Poor Richard says."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine ; and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon ; for the auction opened and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacs, and digested all I had dropped on these topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else ; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he had ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it ; and, though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,—RICHARD SAUNDERS.



RESTRAINT.

by JOHN RUSKIN.



THE plough is the typical instrument of industry, so the fetter is the typical instrument of the restraint or subjection necessary in a nation—either literally, for its evil-doers, or figuratively, in accepted laws, for its wise and good men. You have to choose between this figurative and literal use; for depend upon it, the more laws you accept, the fewer penalties you will have to endure, and the fewer punishments to enforce. For wise laws and just restraints are to a noble nation not chains, but chain-mail—strength and defence, though something also of an encumbrance. And this necessity of restraint, remember, is just as honourable to man as the necessity of labour. No human being, however great or powerful, was ever so free as a fish. There is always something that he must, or must not do; while the fish may do whatever he likes. All the kingdoms of the world put together are not half so large as the sea, and all the railroads



and wheels that ever were, or will be invented, are not so easy as fins. You will find, on fairly thinking of it, that it is his Restraint which is honourable to man, not his Liberty ; and, what is more, it is restraint which is honourable even in the lower animals. A butterfly is much more free than a bee ; but you honour the bee more, just because it is subject to certain laws which fit it for orderly function in bee society. And throughout the world, of the two abstract things, liberty and restraint, restraint is always the more honourable. It is true, indeed, that in these and all other matters you never can reason finally from the abstraction, for both liberty and restraint are good when they are nobly chosen, and both are bad when they are basely chosen ; but of the two, I repeat, it is restraint which characterizes the higher creature and betters the lower creature : and, from the ministering of the archangel to the labour of the insect—from the poising of the planets to the gravitation of a grain of dust—the power and glory of all creatures, and all matter, consist in their obedience, not in their freedom.



VOL. VIII.

No. 2

NOVEMBER 25, 1913



“FOR TWO MEN MAY HELP EACH
OTHER TO DO THINGS THAT ONE
MAN COULD NEVER DO.”

HENRY GEORGE.



CEZANNE



POST IMPRESSIONISM.

by FRANCIS BRUGUIERE.



THE thinkable possibilities of form are infinite. The seeable forms are finite. All derivations of form, from the primitive to Cezanne, are modifications or abstractions of seeable nature: that

is, you can relate the drawing to some natural object and form an opinion as to its proportion, color, and other qualities. This is the way that art has, up to the present time, made its appeal.

The general opinion is, that the nearer the artist comes to reproducing nature, the better artist he is. When people imagine they are actually beholding nature when looking at a work of art, and are deceived into believing so,



they think surely this is the work of a great artist. With the majority this is the basis upon which a work of art is judged.

There can be no question that such a point of view is erroneous, for the valuable qualities of a work of art are not imitative of nature, but are suggested by what the artist thinks about nature. It is his vision of nature that is the important quality in the work of art he produces.

From the primitive man to the present time there have been countless artists struggling to express their ideas of a seeable world. Those who have succeeded, the Greeks, Italians, Dutch, English, Spanish, French, have performed their task, and have had, and continue to have, their full measure of praise.

Each European nation, in its turn, has had its schools of painting, with their periods of rise and decline. Each school has placed its mark in some definite way upon its century. From Cimabue to Joshua Reynolds, there has been in one European State or another, a definite artistic movement productive of results, which, when the schools were in their splendor, have remained the admiration of the succeeding generations. England was the last country to give



a school of art to the world. With Reynolds and Gainsborough, that school as a living force, expired. From that time the largest influence that has been felt by artists has come from France.

The beginning of modern art and the expansion of its ideas, is due to the impetus of Napoleon and his successors in the French State, and but for the small movements in England, Holland and Germany, movements unproductive of lasting influence, the fact that French ideas are those most followed, is undisputed. The development of art from the "classic idea", under Napoleon, to Romanticism, from Romanticism to Naturalism, is generally well known. It is interesting to note, however, that under Naturalism (J. F. Millet), that there is a more marked sympathy with common life than has yet been shown. His pictures, *The Man with the Hoe*, *The Gleaners*, and others, show a sympathy with the life of the laboring class that is not found in any of the work of his predecessors.

Zola and the whole realistic, analytical school of literature, that comes on the heels of the painters, show the same tendencies. The understanding and sympathy with common



life becomes the thing to write of and illustrate.

The great majority of the European and American painters of today are thinking on the De la Croix (Romantic), and Zola, Manet, Whistler (Naturalistic), lines.

Impressionism, with Monet and Sisley, follows, in which the painters concerned themselves with the rendering of light and the juxtaposition of color, for their effect. It is within almost every one's recollection, the hostility with which the then new school was assailed.

This brings us to the actual contemporary movement called Post Impressionism. It is undoubtedly the direct outcome of Impressionism, whose basis was a scientific analysis of light; and the painters, beginning with Cezanne, who may be acknowledged as the head of the new movement, are submitting form to the same close analysis. Cezanne believed that the geometric figures of the cone, cylinder and sphere are the basis of natural form.

"His principle involved the sliding round of one plane into another. Objects in nature, he would say, turn upon themselves, and move themselves back, plane passing into plane with an actual movement that is alive."



WOMAN WITH MANDOLIN

PICASSO



If one looks at some of the pictures of Picasso with this idea in mind, they begin to grow less incomprehensible. From what Cezanne says actually happens in Picasso's pictures, the forms do turn back on themselves with actual movement, and the picture is the living representation of the object or series of objects the painter wishes to make live. He does not limit himself to the one seeable phase of an object, but wishes to convey an idea of the object from every point of view.

Cezanne may be said to be the pioneer of Post-Impressionism. He breaks with traditional art and strikes a path into the intellectual life of today. That is, in analyzing what he has done, the seeable form becomes less imitative, and the mind is confronted with a mental sensation the painter wishes to convey.

The basis of thinking about art has changed. In reverting to the primitive and geometric forms, the Post Impressionist artist, by using these forms, believes that, as they are the simplest and most abstract, they more clearly express the metaphysical, scientific and analytical spirit in which he approaches a subject.

We are living in a scientific epoch. For an artist to properly represent this time, it is neces-



sary for him to divorce the past ideas concerning art and find a way to express the present through his individual living point of view. Science today is the first of the arts—art to express itself, and the age must be scientific. Scientific ideas are the basis of life today, and the Post-Impressionist artist is striving to express himself scientifically. It does not matter whether we like or understand what this or that artist paints or designs. The important thing is that the artist is saying something that is not imitation: that the thing he is producing is his own. If he has these qualities as an individual, they will be in what he does. If he is living in today, and not in the past, his work will be bound to have the character of today.

The difficulty of forming an opinion of a movement that is so close to us as this is great. We must approach the work of the Post-Impressionist artist with an entirely open mind. They do not work in a way in which any of the canons of comparative criticism can be brought to bear. They sincerely believe that the work they are doing is representative of the thought of the time in which they live.

The complexity of life today, the analytical trend of the modern mind, is finding its coun-



terpart in the work of the Post-Impressionist artist. In order to express these conditions graphically, it has been necessary to employ the most simple means. At the first sight of this work, when there has been no acquaintance with the work of the actual pioneers, and the intermediate artists, it acts on the mind of the beholder as a shock, and he believes that it is mad—or that the painter is. The conception is so entirely opposed to the principles on which art knowledge is based, that this can only be expected.

In forming an opinion of what an artist wishes to say, it is necessary to enter into his point of view. He is expressing what he feels or thinks, not what we may feel or think. To receive his idea we must enter into his feeling and eliminate our own. To understand at first sight something we have never thought of, is impossible. We are confronted with the fact that this movement of Post-Impressionism is the intelligent force in all the arts today. It is not such a new thing after all. Wagner in music was a post-impressionist. Strauss and Debussy, in our own day, are the same. All modern literature that is living, is the same. It is sad to think that architecture, the art of



all the arts, is seeking its inspiration in the most mechanically imitative way, in direct copying and the adaptation of worn out forms and past ideas.





THE ARCHITECTURAL PABULUM

by ARTHUR F. MATHEWS.



INSTEAD of being a mother art, as fiction so commonly side remarks, architecture is rather the progeny of super-craftmanship—if one needs personify this phase of our artifices. Indeed, it were the better way to recognize this art, or combination of arts, as an abstraction, occasionally finding illustration in the concrete, and through the agency of artists of more than common discernment and executive power only. Primarily, architecture is any building intention that goes beyond the simple exigencies of economic construction—an engineering proposition. In its development we have a secondary condition, the merely decorated edifice, consigned to an insignificant ugliness; but in the final analysis we are bound to admit that architecture, like lovely woman, is innate, and that both woman and building, adorned or unclothed, in the latest fashion of dress, or painted like an Apache, are building and woman still. For clothes and



decorations are things added, not something truly belonging to, or an integral part of something else. Architecture, then, in strict analysis, is the art of readjusting, reproportioning, respacing and realigning the structural elements in a proposed building and bringing it out of the class of common arts and utilities, into the field of the fine arts. It is here, even as it is with the forms and symbols of the common tongue, we do not accept a correct work as a true architecture any more than we accept a correctly arranged form of poetry in words and phrases as poetry. Poetry has never been described. It is the same with architecture. Moreover, as in the common tongue, graphic and plastic forms and symbols, like words, are transformed in their significance: a constructive form might be translated into another meaning, even into the decorative, or vice versa, and yet neither the pedagogic nor the critical disposition would have the justification to say nay! Mind, we are not at the point of offering an apology for spurious building ("architectural") effects. Far be it from the object of these words to even wrangle over a so obviously vulgar or barbaric habit. It is presupposed here that whatever is "architectural" in presumption,



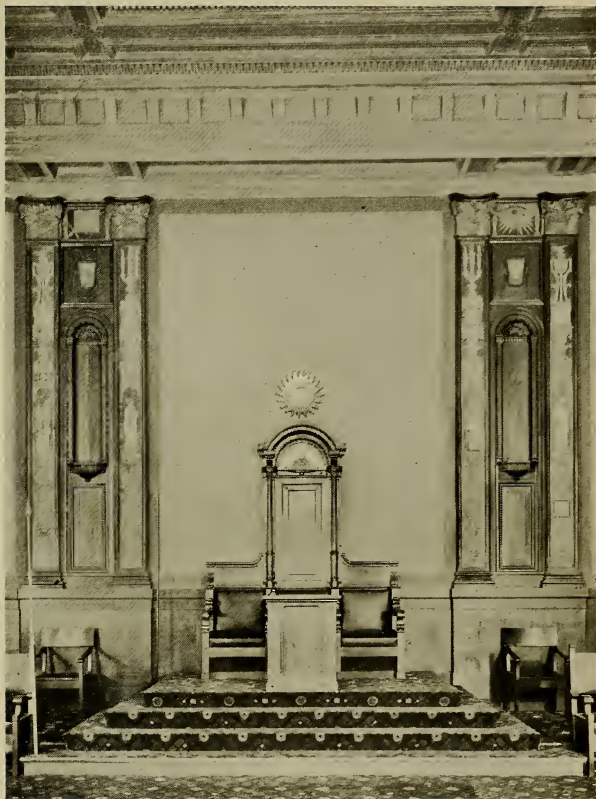
and whatever is incorporated as part of it, the materials used in both are at least alike, and the craftsmanship of the latter beyond all caviling, save the prejudicial "criticism". Furthermore, it is believed here that once a people grasps the meaning of intrinsic values in "the decorative", all these so-called architectural abuses will vanish—a community won't ask, nor will the profession strive, to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

The real point at issue is far more important to people in general and the professional in particular, than that of shoddy construction and the spuriously decorative; for it deals with architecture itself and the decorative art as independent expressions, though often so closely interwoven as to appear one.

Now, the term fine art, beaux arts, or *belli arti*, is ambiguous and needs qualification in its application to the art of building. There is too much of gross material, too much essential yielding to utility in building, for us to apply the term architecture (beautiful building), without a big stretch of conscience, else the term beautiful is reduced very much in meaning. If this is not correct, then there is very little architecture in the world, and the flying but-



tresses of the much lauded Gothic cathedral are but clumsy engineering expediciencies, despite their "superfluous decorations" of carven traceries and crockets. Moreover, if "structural integrity" or "functional design in architecture" means what some criticism declares, the Gothic is the most sinful of all architectural mannerisms: for no other phase of the art, not even the "detestable Renaissance" is so persistent in repeating "structural motives" in its "decorative offenses". Every window and each petite niche has its clusters of (decorative) columns and flying buttresses; the mullions of windows forget their sacred, honorable architectural duties and repeat their monotonous geometric or flamboyant forms all over walls and buttress, following religiously the architects impulse to "decorate" — regardless. In truth, even from the restricted beautiful point of view of things, we would call the Gothic more salient than beautiful, and the Renaissance more a spectacular entity than an architectural beauty. Further, we would have to acknowledge that the two came, or were so close together in their ultimate developments that each has all the bad architectural habits of the other, with little interchange of good influences.



THRONE, BLUE LODGE, MASONIC TEMPLE



Furthermore, from the strict application of "truth in architecture," we would be made to run rampant through all the traditionally architectural and trod it under; for nothing is more apparent than the persistency of "unintelligent mimicry," the constant perpetuation of the "obsolete constructive forms and textures" of a disused system of building in one in active use. In wooden constructions, we often hear the designer abused for his masonry form; the humor of it comes when it is realized that nearly all the sacred masonry forms were originally of wooden or mud construction.

In an article, "The Origin of Architecture," a writer in a late issue of the *Record*, goes to show such mimicry, or, "evolution of the art." But, like all, he plunges wild by confounding the decorations often found on buildings and utensils—tents, mud houses, books, pots and kettles, etc—with architecture. Nothing is more natural than that painter and sculptor (decorators) should turn from painting rugs and tents and totem poles, when the time comes, to applying their peculiar art to more substantial things. Moreover, the people probably will it so. And again, it were natural that the same symbolic patterns, the same hieroglyphics,



the same sacred and profane figures and pictures, appearing on the fragile stuff, should reappear on "architectural walls." But, fudge! that is not "the evolution of architecture." That is the evolution, or a part of the development of the modern easel picture and from thence to the more comprehensive mural picture, painted or in relief. That the tendency of the last twenty years has been, among painters at least, to continue the evolutionary process and develop the mural picture, and all that decoration means (framed or unframed), architecture appears to have missed. So it continues quite clumsily to reproduce, in full relief and heavy materials, that which was once thought only fitting in a light medium or merely engraved suitably for the reception of colors. "But, the habit is more architectural?" One may question that and say, it is more like a perversion of the decoration, a manner of reducing a facile art to the dead level of a laborious operation, and fit only for journeymen workers; and very like the academic and realistic painters' trick of making painting over into a system of modeling. However, it is all too evident that modern architecture only accepts the modern decorative art in a tentative touch-me-not fash-



ion, relegating, it, as a rule, to holes in "the architecturally decorative" scheme of things.

And the reason of this is to be found only in the lack of all real, comprehensive interchange of compliments among the graphic and plastic arts. They no longer react upon one another. The ambitions, prejudices—if you will—desires and hopes of a whole people, are no longer writ on, nor incorporated in our architectural creations. The greater intimacy of the painter and graver with nature's forms and colors and decorative media, no longer reflect from architectural walls and ceiling, excepting intermittently or spasmodically. So, the art is not fed as it should be.

And there you are: the cat is out. Architecture is what it is because the walls and ceilings of honorable or dishonorable building, excepting sporadically or intermittently, are never veiled by the charms of a true decorative artistry; but are loaded with a commercialized product, imitated from the disused members and disused symbolisms of a dead people and its arts.

So long is it since painters and sculptors really have had or taken a free hand in decorations suitable for "architecture," so long have they occupied themselves with the petite egoisms



of "the realistic easel picture," and the equally fastidiously "realistic" fragment of sculpture that they, like architects, and "the public" have forgotten that the decorative is not a peculiar style or mannerism of modeling or painting; but, something unique in itself, and far more subtle, mysterious and real, than the boasted truthfulness and romanticism of the nineteenth century, and which may be hung on, or pasted to a wall, without destroying its

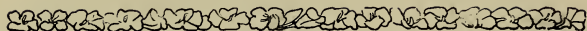


pristine beauty, which might conceal an essentially ugly constructiveness in architecture, or which in truth might lend the same charm, by concealment, that the beautiful clothes and jewels lend to lovely woman, and even some not so lovely. Believe it or not, lovely woman is far more fetching in diaphanous gowns than in hoop skirts with warts all over. Every preacher knows this — pity architecture can't learn it.

VOL. VIII.

No. 3

DECEMBER 25, 1913



INSTEAD OF THE THORN SHALL COME
UP THE FIR TREE, AND INSTEAD OF THE
BRIAR SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE
TREE.

AND THEY SHALL BUILD HOUSES
AND INHABIT THEM ; AND THEY SHALL
PLANT VINEYARDS AND EAT THE FRUIT
OF THEM. THEY SHALL NOT BUILD
AND ANOTHER INHABIT ; THEY SHALL
NOT PLANT AND ANOTHER EAT.

ISAIAH.



DECORATION FOR LANE MEDICAL LIBRARY *From Painting by* ARTHUR F. MATHEWS



THE PROBLEM OF INDIVIDUAL LIFE.

FOR the man who, seeing the want and misery, the ignorance and brutishness caused by unjust social institutions, sets himself, in so far as he has strength, to right them, there is disappointment and bitterness. So it has been of old time. So is it even now. But the bitterest thought—and it sometimes comes to the best and bravest—is that of the hopelessness or the effort, the futility of the sacrifice. To how few of those who sow the seed is it given to see it grow, or even with certainty to know that it will grow.

Let us not disguise it. Over and over again has the standard of Truth and Justice been



raised in this world. Over and over again has it been trampled down—oftentimes in blood. If they are weak forces that are opposed to Truth, how should Error so long prevail? If Justice has but to raise her head to have Injustice flee before her, how should the wail of the oppressed so long go up?

But for those who see Truth and would follow her; for those who recognize Justice and would stand for her, success is not the only thing. Success! Why, Falsehood has often that to give; and Injustice has often that to give. Must not Truth and Justice have something to give that is their own by proper right—theirs in essence, and not by accident?

That they have, and that here and now, every one who has felt their exaltation knows. But sometimes the clouds sweep down. It is sad, sad reading, the lives of the men who would have done something for their fellows. To Socrates they gave the hemlock; Gracchus they killed with sticks and stones; and One, greatest and purest of all, they crucified. These seem but types. Today Russian prisons are full, and in long processions, men and women, who, but for high-minded patriotism, might have lived in ease and luxury, move in chains toward



the death-in-life of Siberia. And in penury and want, in neglect and contempt, destitute even of the sympathy that would have been so sweet, how many in every country have closed their eyes? This we see.

The yearning for a further life is natural and deep. It grows with intellectual growth, and perhaps none really feel it more than those who have begun to see how great is the universe and how infinite are the vistas which every advance in knowledge opens before us—vistas which would require nothing short of eternity to explore. But in the mental atmosphere of our times, to the great majority of men on whom mere creeds have lost their hold, it seems impossible to look on this yearning save as a vain and childish hope, arising from man's egotism, and for which there is not the slightest ground or warrant, but which, on the contrary, seems inconsistent with positive knowledge.

Now, when we come to analyze and trace up the ideas that thus destroy the hope of a future life, we shall find them, I think, to have their source, not in any revelations of physical science, but in certain teachings of political and social science which have deeply permeated thought in all directions. They have their root in the



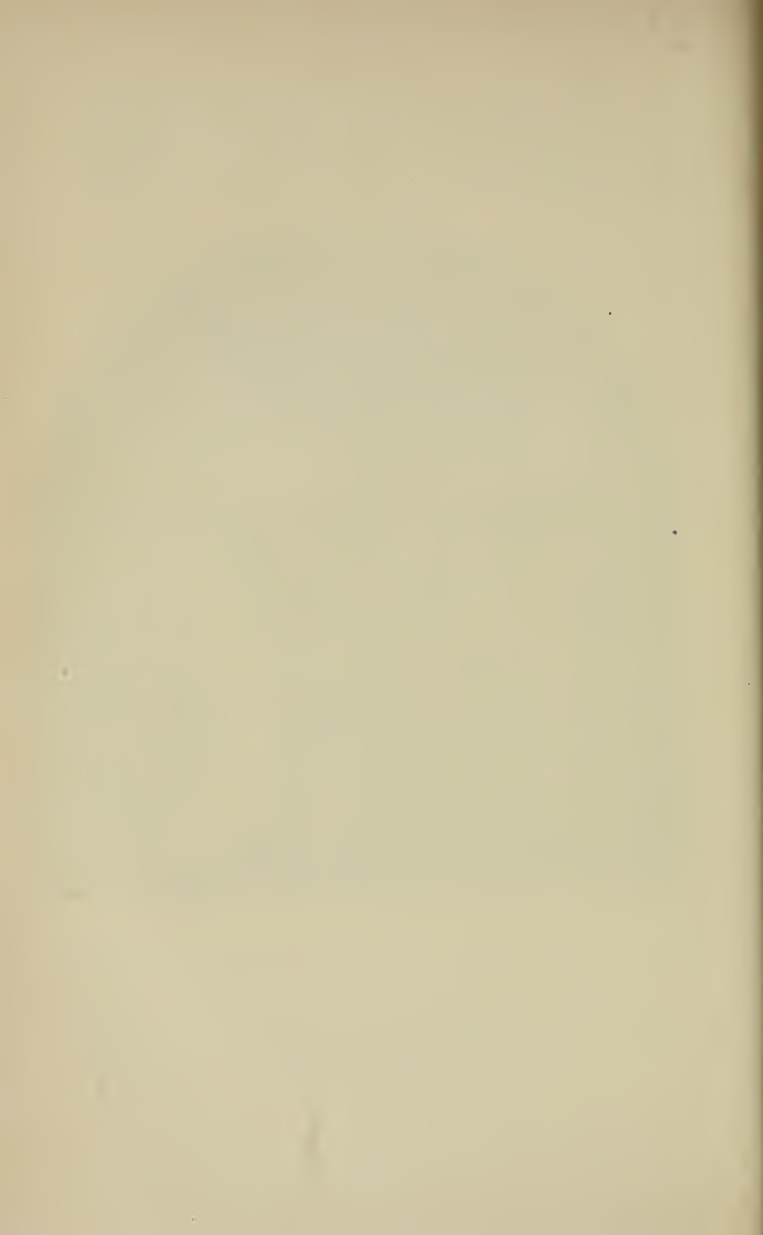
doctrines, that there is a tendency to the production of more human beings than can be provided for; that vice and misery are the result of natural laws, and the means by which advance goes on; and that human progress is by a slow race development. These doctrines, which have been generally accepted as approved truth, do what (except as scientific interpretations have been colored by them) the extensions of physical science do not do—they reduce the individual to insignificance; they destroy the idea that there can be in the ordering of the universe any regard for his existence, or any recognition of what we call moral qualities.

It is difficult to reconcile the idea of human immortality with the idea that nature wastes men by constantly bringing them into being where there is no room for them. It is impossible to reconcile the idea of an intelligent and beneficent Creator with the belief that the wretchedness and degradation which are the lot of such a large proportion of human kind, result from his enactments; while the idea that man mentally and physically is the result of slow modifications perpetuated by heredity, irresistibly suggests the idea that it is the race



DECORATION FOR LANE MEDICAL LIBRARY

From Painting by ARTHUR F. MATHEWS





life, not the individual life, which is the object of human existence. Thus has vanished with many of us, and is still vanishing with more of us, that belief which in the battles and ills of life affords the strongest support and deepest consolation.

We have seen that population does not tend to outrun subsistence ; we have seen that the waste of human powers and the prodigality of human suffering do not spring from natural laws, but from the ignorance and selfishness of men in refusing to conform to natural laws. We have seen that human progress is not by altering the nature of men ; but that, on the contrary, the nature of men seems, generally speaking, always the same.

Thus the nightmare which is banishing from the modern world the belief in a future world is destroyed. Not that all difficulties are removed—for turn which way we may, we come to what we cannot comprehend ; but that difficulties are removed which seem conclusive and insuperable. And, thus, hope springs up.

But this is not all.



POLITICAL Economy has been called the dismal science, and as currently taught, is hopeless and despairing. But this, as we have seen, is solely because she has been degraded and shackled ; her truths dislocated ; her harmonies ignored ; the word she would utter gagged in her mouth, and her protest against wrong turned into an in-dorsement of injustice. Freed, as I have tried to free her—in her own proper symmetry, Political Economy is radiant with hope.

For properly understood, the laws which govern the production and distribution of wealth show that the want and injustice of the present social state are not necessary ; but that, on the contrary, a social state is possible in which poverty would be unknown, and all the better qualities and higher powers of human nature would have opportunity for full development.

And, further than this, when we see that social development is governed neither by a Special Providence nor by a merciless fate, but human will is the great factor, and that taking men in the aggregate, their condition is as they make it ; when we see that economic law and



moral law are essentially one, and that the truth which the intellect grasps after toilsome effort, is but that which the moral sense reaches by a quick intuition, a flood of light breaks in upon the problem of individual life. These countless millions like ourselves, who on this earth of ours have passed and still are passing, with their joys and sorrows, their toil and their striving, their aspirations and their fears, their strong perceptions of things deeper than sense, their common feelings which form the basis even of the most divergent creeds—their little lives do not seem so much like meaningless waste.

The great fact which Science in all her branches shows is the universality of law. Wherever he can trace it, whether in the fall of an apple or in the revolution of binary suns, the astronomer sees the working of the same law, which operates in the minutest divisions in which we may distinguish space, as it does in the immeasurable distances with which his science deals. Out of that which lies beyond his telescope comes a moving body and again it disappears. So far as he can trace its course the law is ignored. Does he say that this is an exception? On the contrary he says that



this is merely a part of its orbit that he has seen ; that beyond the reach of his telescope the law holds good. He makes his calculations, and after centuries they are proved.

Now, if we trace out the laws which govern human life in society, we find that in the largest as in the smallest community, they are the same. We find that what seem at first sight like divergences and exceptions, are but manifestations of the same principles. And we find that everywhere we can trace it, the social law runs into and conforms with the moral law ; that in the life of a community, justice infallibly brings its reward and injustice its punishment. But this we cannot see in individual life. If we look merely at individual life we cannot see that the laws of the universe have the slightest relation to good or bad, to right or wrong, to just or unjust. Shall we then say that the law which is manifest in social life is not true of individual life ? Is it not scientific to say so. We would not say so in reference to anything else. Shall we not rather say this simply proves that we do not see the whole of individual life ?



THE laws which Political Economy discovers, like the facts and relations of physical nature, harmonize with what seems to be the law of mental development—not a necessary and involun-

tary progress, but a progress in which the human will is an initiatory force. But in life, as we are cognizant of it, mental development can go but a little ways. The mind hardly begins to awake ere the bodily powers decline—it but becomes dimly conscious of the vast fields before it, but begins to learn and use its strength to recognize relations and extend its sympathies, when, with the death of the body, it passes away. Unless there is something more, there seems here a break, a failure. Whether it be a Humboldt or a Herschel, a Moses who looks from Pisgah, a Joshua who leads the host, or one of those sweet and patient souls who in narrow circles live radiant lives, there seems, if mind and character here developed can go no further, a purposelessness inconsistent with what we can see of the linked sequence of the universe.

By a fundamental law of our minds—the law, in fact, upon which Political Economy



relies in all her deductions—we cannot conceive of a means without an end ; a contrivance without an object. Now, to all nature, so far as we come in contact with it in this world, the support and employment of the intelligence that is in man furnishes such an end and object. But unless man himself may rise to or bring forth something higher, his existence is unintelligible. So strong is this metaphysical necessity that those who deny to the individual anything more than this life are compelled to transfer the idea of perfectability to the race. But as we have seen (and the argument could have been made much more complete) there is nothing whatever to show any essential race improvement. Human progress is not the improvement of human nature. The advances in which civilization consists are not secured in the constitution of man, but in the constitution of society. They are thus not fixed and permanent, but may at any time be lost—nay, are constantly tending to be lost. And further than this, if human life does not continue beyond what we see of it here, then we are confronted with regard to the race, with the same difficulty as with the individual ! For it is as certain that the race must die as it is that the



individual must die. We know that there have been geologic conditions under which human life was impossible on this earth. We know that they must return again. Even now, as the earth circles on her appointed orbit, the northern ice cap slowly thickens, and the time gradually approaches, when its glaciers will flow again, and austral seas, sweeping northward, bury the seats of present civilization under ocean wastes, as it may be they now bury what was once as high a civilization as our own. And beyond these periods, science discerns a dead earth, an exhausted sun—a time when, clashing together, the solar system shall resolve itself into a gaseous form, again to begin immeasurable mutations.

What then is the meaning of life—of life absolutely and inevitably bounded by death? To me it only seems intelligible as the avenue and vestibule to another life. And its facts seem only explainable upon a theory which cannot be expressed but in myth and symbol, and which, everywhere and at all times, the myths and symbols in which men have tried to portray their deepest perceptions do in some form express.



The scriptures of the men who have been and gone—the Bibles, the Zend Avestas, the Vedas, the Dhammapadas, and the Korans; the esoteric doctrines of old philosophies, the inner meaning of grotesque religions, the dogmatic constitutions of Ecumenical Councils, the preachings of Foxes, and Wesleys, and Savonarolas, the traditions of red Indians, and beliefs of black savages, have a heart and core in which they agree—a something which seems like the variously distorted apprehensions of a primary truth. And out of the chain of thought we have been following there seems to vaguely rise a glimpse of what they vaguely saw—a shadowy gleam of ultimate relations, the endeavor to express which inevitably falls into type and allegory: A garden in which are set the trees of good and evil. A vineyard in which there is the Master's work to do. A passage—from life behind to life beyond. A trial and a struggle, of which we cannot see the end.

Look around today.

Lo! here, now, in our civilized society, the old allegories yet have a meaning, the old myths are still true. Into the Valley of the Shadow of Death yet often leads the path of duty, through the streets of Vanity Fair walk



DECORATION FOR LANE MEDICAL LIBRARY

From Painting by ARTHUR F. MATHEWS



Christian and Faithful, and on Greatheart's armor ring the clanging blows. Ormuzd still fights with Ahriman—the Prince of Light with the Powers of Darkness. He who will hear, to him the clarions of the battle call.

How they call, and call, and call, till the heart swells that hears them ! Strong soul and high endeavor, the world needs them now. Beauty still lies imprisoned, and iron wheels go over the good and true and beautiful that might spring from human lives.

And they who fight with Ormuzd, though they may not know each other—somewhere, sometime, will the muster roll be called.

Though Truth and Light seem often overborne, we may not see it all. How can we see it all ? All that is passing, even here, we cannot tell. The vibrations of matter which give the sensations of light and color become to us indistinguishable when they pass a certain point. It is only within a like range that we have cognizance of sounds. Even animals have senses that we have not. And, here ? Compared with the solar system our earth is but an indistinguishable speck ; and the solar system itself shrivels into nothingness when



gauged with the star depths. Shall we say that what passes from *our* sight passes into oblivion? No; not into oblivion. Far, far beyond our ken the eternal laws must hold their sway.

The hope that rises is the heart of all religions! The poets have sung it, the seers have told it, and in its deepest pulses the heart of man throbs responsive to its truth. This, that Plutarch said, is what in all times and all tongues has been said by the pure-hearted and strong-sighted, who standing, as 'it were, on the mountain tops of thought and looking over the shadowy ocean, have beheld the loom of land:

“Men’s souls encompassed here with bodies and passions, have no communication with God, except what they can reach to in conception only, by means of philosophy, as by a kind of an obscure dream. But when they are loosed from the body, and removed into the unseen, invisible, impassable, and pure region, this God is then their leader and king; they there, as it were, hanging on Him wholly, and beholding without weariness and passionately affecting that beauty which cannot be expressed or uttered by men.”



AND will not the community gain by thus refusing to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs ; by thus refraining from muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn ; by thus leaving to industry, and thrift, and

skill, their natural reward, full and unimpaired ? For there is to the community also a natural reward. The law of society is, each for all, as well as all for each. No one can keep to himself the good he may do, any more than he can keep the bad. Every productive enterprise, besides its return to those who undertake it, yields collateral advantages to others. If a man plant a fruit tree, his gain is that he gathers the fruit in its time and season. But in addition to his gain, there is a gain to the whole community. Others than the owner are benefited by the increased supply of fruit ; the birds which it shelters fly far and wide ; the rain which it attracts falls not alone on his field ; and even to the eye which rests upon it from a distance, it brings a sense of beauty. And so with everything else. The building of a house, a factory, a ship, or a railroad, benefits others besides those who get the direct profits. Nature laughs at a miser. He is like the squirrel who



buries his nuts and refrains from digging them up again. Lo! they sprout and grow into trees. In fine linen, steeped in costly spices, the mummy is laid away. Thousands and thousands of years thereafter, the Bedouin cooks his food by a fire of its encasings, it generates the steam by which the traveler is whirled on his way, or it passes into far-off lands to gratify the curiosity of another race. The bee fills the hollow tree with honey, and along comes the bear or the man.

HENRY GEORGE.



VOL. VIII.

No. 4

JANUARY 25, 1913



“EVIL IS WROUGHT BY WANT OF THOUGHT
AS WELL AS WANT OF HEART.”



LIVERPOOL, LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY
BLISS & FAVILLE, *Architects*



THE TOWN.



WE remember, in our boyhood, a romantic story of a church that stood under St. Paul's. We conceived of it, as of a real, good-sized church actually standing under the other; but how it came there nobody could imagine. It was some ghostly edification of providence, not lightly to be inquired into; but as its name was St. Faith's, we conjectured that the mystery had something to do with religious belief. The mysteries of art do not remain with us for life, like those of Nature. Our phenomanon amounted to this:

"The church of St. Faith," says Brayley, "was originally a distinct building, standing near the east end of St. Paul's; but when the old cathedral was enlarged, between the years



1256 and 1312, it was taken down, and an extensive part of the vaults was appropriated to the use of the parishioners of St. Faith's, in lieu of the demolished fabric. This was afterwards called the church of St. Faith in the Crypts, and, according to a representation made to the Dean and Chapter, in the year 1735, it measured 180 feet in length, and 80 in breadth. After the fire of London, the parish of St. Faith was joined to that of St. Augustine; and on the rebuilding of the cathedral, a portion of the churchyard belonging to the former was taken to enlarge the avenue round the east end of St. Paul's, and the remainder was inclosed within the cathedral railing."

The parishioners of St. Faith have still liberty to bury their dead in certain parts of the churchyard and the Crypts. Other portions of the latter have been used as storehouses for wine, stationery, etc. The stationers and booksellers of London, during the fire, thought they had secured a great quantity of their stock in this place; but on the air being admitted when they went to take them out, the goods had been so heated by the conflagration of the church overhead, that they took fire at last, and the whole property was destroyed. Clarendon



says it amounted to the value of two hundred thousand pounds.

One of the houses on the site of the old episcopal mansion, now converted into premises occupied by Mr. Hitchcock the linendraper, was Mr. Johnson's the bookseller—a man who deserves mention for his liberality to Cowper, and for the remarkable circumstance of his never having seen the poet, though his intercourse with him was long and cordial. Mr. Johnson was in connection with a circle of men of letters, some of whom were in the habit of dining with him once a week, and who comprised the leading polite writers of the generation—Cowper, Darwin, Hayley, Dr. Aikin, Mrs. Barbauld, Godwin, etc. Fuseli must not be omitted, who was at least as good a writer as a painter. Here Bonnycastle hung his long face over his plate, as glad to escape from arithmetic into his jokes and his social dinner as a great boy; and here Wordsworth, and we believe Coleridge, published their earliest performances. At all events they both visited at the house.

But the most illustrious of all booksellers in our boyish days, not for his great names, not for his dinners, not for his riches that we



know of, not for any other full-grown celebrity, but for certain little penny books, radiant with gold and rich with bad pictures, was Mr. Newberry, the famous children's bookseller, "at the corner of St. Paul's churchyard," next Ludgate Street. The house is still occupied by a successor, and children may have books there as formerly—but not the same. The gilding, we confess, we regret: gold, somehow, never looked so well as in adorning literature. The pictures also—may we own that we preferred the uncouth coats, the staring blotted eyes, and round pieces of rope for hats, of our very badly drawn contemporaries, to all the proprieties of modern embellishment? We own the superiority of the latter, and would have it proceed and prosper; but a boy of our own time was much, though his coat looked like his grandfather's. The engravings probably were of that date. Enormous, however, is the improvement upon the morals of these little books; and there we give them up, and with unmitigated delight. The good little boy, the hero of the infant literature in those days, stood, it must be acknowledged, the chance of being a very selfish man. His virtue consisted in being different from some other little boy, perhaps his brother; and



LODGE ROOM, MASONIC TEMPLE





his reward was having a fine coach to ride in, and being a King Pepin. Now-a-days, since the world has had a great moral earthquake that set it thinking, the little boy promises to be much more of a man ; thinks of others, as well as works for himself ; and looks for his reward to a character for good sense and beneficence, In no respect is the progress of the age more visible, or more importantly so, than in this apparently trifling matter. The most bigoted opponents of a rational education are obliged to adopt a portion of its spirit, in order to retain a hold which their own teaching must accordingly undo : and if the times were not full of hopes in other respects, we should point to this evidence of their advancement, and be content with it.

One of the most pernicious mistakes of the old children's books, was the inculcation of a spirit of revenge and cruelty in the tragic examples which were intended to deter their readers from idleness and disobedience. One, if he did not behave himself, was to be shipwrecked, and eaten by lions ; another to become a criminal, who was not to be taught better, but rendered a mere wicked contrast to the luckier virtue ; and, above all, none were to be poor



but the vicious, and none to ride in their coaches but little Sir Charles Grandisons, and all-perfect Sheriffs. We need not say how contrary this was to the real spirit of Christianity, which, at the same time, they so much insisted on. The perplexity in after life, when reading of poor philosophers and rich vicious men, was in proportion ; or rather virtue and mere worldly success became confounded. In the present day, the profitableness of good conduct is still inculcated, but in a sounder spirit. Charity makes the proper allowance for all ; and none are excluded from the hope of being wiser and happier. Men, in short are not taught to love and labour for themselves alone, or for their little dark corners of egotism ; but to take the world along with them into a brighter sky of improvement ; and to discern the want of success in success itself, if not accompanied by a liberal knowledge.

The *Seven Champions of Christendom*, *Valentine and Orson*, and other books of the fictitious class, which have survived their more rational brethren (as the latter thought themselves), are of a much better order, and, indeed, survive by a natural instinct in society to that effect. With many absurdities, they have a



general tone of manly and social virtue, which may be safely left to itself. The absurdities wear out and the good remains. Nobody in these times will think of meeting giants and dragons; of giving blows that confound an army, or tearing the hearts out of two lions on each side of him, as easily as if he were dipping his hands into a lottery. But there are still giants and wild beasts to encounter, of another sort, the conquest of which requires the old enthusiasm and disinterestedness; arms and war are to be checked in their career, and have been so, by that new might of opinion to which everybody may contribute much in his single voice; and wild men, or those who would become so, are tamed, by education and brotherly kindness, into ornaments of civil life.

The neighborhood of St. Paul's retains a variety of appellations indicative of its former connection with the church. There is Creed Lane, Ave-Maria Lane, Sermon Lane, Canon Alley, Pater-Noster Row, Holiday Court, Amen Corner, Etc. Members of the Cathedral establishment still have abodes in some of these places, particularly in Amen Corner, which is enclosed with gates, and appropriated to the houses of prebendaries and canons. Close to



Sermon Lane is Do-little Lane a vicinity which must have furnished jokes to the Puritans. Addle Street is an ungrateful corruption of Athelstane Street, so called from one of the most respectable of the Saxon kings, who had a palace in it.

We have omitted to notice a curious passage in Swift, in which he abuses himself for going to the top of St. Paul's. "To-day," says he, writing to Stella, "I was all about St. Paul's, and up at the top like a fool, with Sir Andrew Fountain, and two more; and spent seven shillings for my dinner, like a puppy." "This," adds the doctor, "is the second time he has served me so: but I will never do it again, though all mankind should persuade me—unconsidering puppies!" The being forced by richer people than one's self to spend money at a tavern might reasonably be lamented; but from the top of St. Paul's Swift beheld a spectacle, which surely was not unworthy of his attention; perhaps it affected him too much. The author of Gulliver might have taken from it his notions of little bustling humankind.

Dr. Johnson frequently attended public worship in St. Paul's. Very different must his look have been, in turning into the chancel, from



the threatening and trampling aspect they have given him in his statue. We do not quarrel with his aspect; there is a great deal of character in it. But the contrast, considering the place, is curious. A little before his death, when bodily decay made him less patient than ever of contradiction, he instituted a club at the Queen's Arms, in St. Paul's Churchyard. "He told Mr. Hook," says Boswell, "That he wished to have a *City Club*, and asked him to collect one; but, said he, don't let them be patriots." (This was an allusion to the friends of his acquaintance Wilkes.) Boswell accompanied him one day to the club, and found the members "very sensible well-behaved men:" that is to say Hook had collected a body of decent listeners. This, however, is melancholy.

St. Paul's Churchyard appears as if it were only a great commercial thoroughfare; but if all the clergy could be seen at once, who have abodes in the neighborhood, they would be found to constitute a numerous body. If to the sable coats of these gentlemen be added those of the practisers of the civil law, who were formerly allied to them, and who live in Doctors' Commons, the churchyard increases the clerkly part of its aspect. It resumes, to



the imagination, something of the learned and collegiate look it had of old. Paternoster Row is said to have been so called on account of the number of Stationers and Text-writers that dwelt there, who dealt much in religious books, or A B C's, with the Paternoster, Ave-Maria, Creed, Graces, Etc. And so of the other places above-named. But it is more likely that this particular street (as indeed we are told) was named from the rosary or paternoster-makers: for so they were called, as appears by a record of "one Robert Nikke, a paternoster-maker and citizen, in the reign of Henry the Fourth.."

It is curious to reflect what a change has taken place in this celebrated *book-street*, since nothing was sold there but rosaries. It is but rarely the word Paternoster Row strikes us as having a reference to the Latin Prayer. We think of booksellers' shops, and of all the learning and knowledge they have sent forth. The books of Luther, which Henry the Eighth burned in the neighboring churchyard, were turned into millions of volumes, partly by that burning.

Paternoster-Row, however, has not been exclusively in possession of the booksellers, since it lost its original tenants, the rosary-makers.



Indeed it would appear to have been only in comparatively recent times that the booksellers fixed themselves there. They had for a long while been established in St. Paul's Churchyard, but scarcely in the Row, till after the commencement of the last century.

"This street," says Maitland, writing in 1720, "before the fire of London, was taken up by eminent mercers, silkmen, and lacemen; and their shops were so resorted unto by the nobility and gentry in their coaches, that oft-times the street was so stopped up, that there was no passage for foot passengers. But since the said fire, those eminent tradesmen have settled themselves in several other parts; especially in Ludgate Street, and in Belfort Street, Henrietta Street, and King Street, Covent Garden. And the inhabitants in this street are now a mixture of tradespeople, such as tire-women or milliners, for the sale of top-knots, and the like dressings for the females."

In a subsequent edition of his history, published in 1755, it is added, "There are now many shops of mercers, silkmen, eminent printers, booksellers, and publishers. The most easterly of the narrow and partly covered passages between Newgate Street and Paternoster



Row is that called Panyer's Alley, remarkable for a stone built into the wall of one of the houses on the east side, supporting the figures of a pannier or wicker basket, surmounted by a boy, and exhibiting the following inscription:—

“When you have sought the city round,
Yet still this is the highest ground.”

We cannot say if absolute faith is to be put in this asseveration; but it is possible. It has been said that the top of St. Paul's is on a level with that of Hampstead.

We look back a moment between Paternoster Row and the churchyard, to observe, that the only memorial remaining of the residence of the Bishop of London is a tablet in London-House Yard, let into the wall of the public house called the Goose and Gridiron. The Goose and Gridiron is said by tradition to have been what was called in the last century a “music house;” that is to say, a place of entertainment with music. When it ceased to be musical, a landlord, in ridicule of its former pretensions, chose for his sign “a goose stroking the bars of a gridiron with his foot,” and called it the Swan and Harp.

Between Amen Corner and Ludgate Street, at the end of a passage from Ave-Maria Lane,



DETAIL, LODGE ROOM, MASONIC TEMPLE





“stood a great house of stone and wood, belonging to John, Duke of Bretagne, and Earl of Richmond, contemporary with Edward II. and III. After him it was possessed by the Earls of Pembroke, in the time of Richard II. and Henry IV., and was called Pembroke’s Inn, near Ludgate. It then fell into the possession of the title of Abergavenny, and was called Burgavenny House, under which circumstances it remained in the time of Elizabeth. “To finish the anti-climax,” says Pennant, “it was finally possessed by the Company of Stationers, who rebuilt it of wood, and made it their Hall. It was destroyed by the Great Fire, and was succeeded by the present plain building.” Of the once powerful possessors of the old mansion nothing now is remembered, or cared for; but in the interior of the modern building are to be seen, looking almost as if they were alive, and as if we knew them personally, the immortal faces of Steele and Richardson, Prior in his cap, and Dr. Hoadley, a liberal Bishop. There is also Mrs. Richardson, the wife of the novelist, looking as prim and particular as if she had been just chucked under the chin; and Robert Nelson, Esq., supposed author of the *Whole Duty of Man*, and prototype of Sir Charles



Grandison, as regular and passionless in his face as if he had been made only to wear his wig. The same is not to be said of the face of Steele, with his black eyes and social aspect; and still less of Richardson, who, instead of being the smooth, satisfied-looking personage he is represented in some engravings of him (which makes his heart-rending romance appear unaccountable and cruel), has a face as uneasy as can well be conceived—flushed and shattered with emotion. We recognize the sensitive, enduring man, such as he really was—a heap of bad nerves. It is worth anybody's while to go to Stationers' Hall, on purpose to see those portraits. They are not of the first order as portraits, but evident likenesses. Hoadley looks at once jovial and decided, like a good-natured controversialist. Prior is not so pleasant as in his prints; his nose is a little aquiline, instead of turned up; and his features, though delicate, not so liberal. But if he has not the best look of his poetry, he has the worst. He seems as if he had been sitting up all night; his eyelids droop; and his whole face is *used* with rakery.

It is impossible to see Prior and Steele together, without regretting that they quarrelled;



but as they did quarrel, it was fit that Prior should be in the wrong. From a Whig he had become a Tory, and showed that his change was not quite what it ought to have been, by avoiding the men with whom he had associated, and writing contemptuously of his fellow wits. All the men of letters, whose portraits are in this hall, were, doubtless, intimate with the premises, and partakers of Stationers' dinners. Richardson was Master of the Company. Morphew, a bookseller in the neighborhood, was one of the publishers of the *Tatler*; and concerts as well as festive dinners, used to take place in the great room, of both of which entertainments Steele was fond. It was here, if we mistake not, that one of the inferior officers of the Company, a humorist on suffrance, came in, one day, on his knees, at an anniversary dinner when Bishop Hoadley was present, in order to drink to the "Glorious Memory" of William III. The company, Steele included, were pretty far gone; Hoadley had remained as long as he well could; and the genuflector was drunk. Steele, seeing the Bishop a little disconcerted, whispered him, "Do laugh, my lord; pray laugh:—'t is *humanity* to laugh." The good-natured prelate acquiesced. Next



day, Steele sent him a penitential letter, with the following couplet :—

Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
All faults he pardons, though he none commits.

The most illustrious musical performance that ever took place in the hall was that of Dryden's Ode. A society for the annual commemoration of St. Cecilia, the patroness of music, was instituted in the year 1680, not without an eye perhaps to the religious opinions of the heir presumptive who was shortly to ascend the throne as James the Second. An ode was written every year for the occasion, and set to music by some eminent composer; and the performance of it was followed by a grand dinner. In 1687, Dryden contributed his first ode, entitled, "A Song for Saint Cecilia's Day," in which there are finer things than in any part of the other, though as a whole it is not so striking. Ten years afterwards it was followed by "Alexander's Feast," the dinner, perhaps, being a part of the inspiration.

LEIGH HUNT.

(To be continued.)

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“TEACH ERRING MAN TO SPURN THE RAGE OF GAIN;
TEACH HIM, THAT STATES OF NATIVE STRENGTH
POSSEST,
THOUGH VERY POOR, MAY STILL BE VERY BLEST;
THAT TRADE’S PROUD EMPIRE HASTES TO SWIFT
DECAY,
AS OCEAN SWEEPS THE LABOR’D MOLE AWAY;
WHILE SELF-DEPENDENT POWER CAN TIME DEFY,
AS ROCKS RESIST THE BILLOWS AND THE SKY.”

GOLDSMITH.



OAK
From Painting by LUCIA K. MATHEWS



THE TOWN.



THE oldest mention of the Temple as a place for lawyers has been commonly said to be found in a passage of Chaucer, who is reported to have been of the Temple himself. It is in his character of the Manciple, or Steward, whom he pleasantly pits against his learned employers, as outwitting even themselves ;

“A gentle manciple was there of a temple
Of which achatours (purchasers) might take ensample,
For to ben wise in buying of vitaille.
For whether that he paid, or took by taille,
Algate he waited so in his achate,
That he was ay before in good estate;
Now is not that of God a full fair grace,
That such a lewed (ignorant) mannes wit shall pass
The wisdom of a heap of learned men?”

Spenser, in his epic way, not disdaining to



bring the homeliest images into his verse, for the sake of the truth in them, speaks of—

— “those *bricky* towers
The which on Thames broad aged back do ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers;
There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,
Till they decayed through pride.”

The “studious lawyers,” in their towers by the water side, present a quiet picture. Yet in those times, it seems, they were apt to break into overt actions of vivacity, a little excessive, and such as the habit of restraint inclines people to, before they have arrived at years of discretion. In Henry VIII.’s time the gentlemen of the Temple were addicted to “shove and slip-groats,” which became forbidden them under a penalty; and in the age in which Spenser wrote, so many encounters had taken place, of a dangerous description, that Templars were prohibited from carrying any other weapon into the hall (the dining room), “than a dagger or knife,”—“as if,” says Mr. Malcolm, “those were not more than sufficient to cause unpremeditated deaths.” We are to suppose, however, that gentlemen would not kill each other, except with swords. The dagger, or carving knife, which it was customary to carry about the person in those days, was for the mutton.



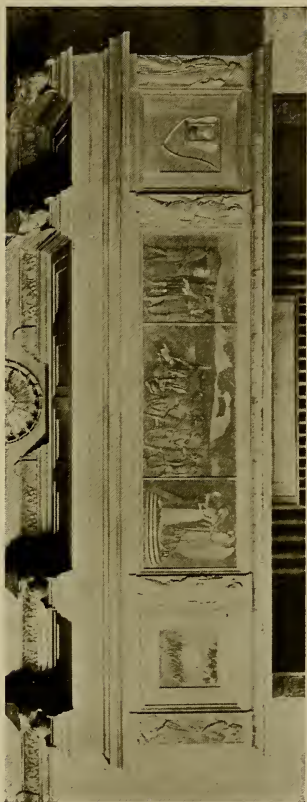
A better mode for recreating and giving vent to their animal spirits, was the custom prevalent among the lawyers of that period of presenting masques and pageants. They were great players, with a scholarly taste for classical subjects ; and the gravest of them did not disdain to cater in this way for the amusement of their fellows, sometimes for that of crowned heads. The name of Bacon is to be found among the “getters-up” of a show at Gray’s Inn, for the entertainment of the sovereign ; and that of Hyde, on a similar occasion, in the reign of Charles I.

A masque has come down to us written by William Browne, a disciple of Spenser, expressly for the society of which he was a member, and entitled the *Inner Temple Masque*. It is upon the story of Circe and Ulysses, and is worthy of the school of poetry out of which he came. Beaumont wrote another, called the *Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray’s Inn*. A strong union has always existed between the law and the belles-lettres, highly creditable to the former, or rather naturally to be expected from the mode in which lawyers begin their education, and the diversity of knowledge which no men are more in the way of acquiring after-



wards. Blackstone need not have written his farewell to the Muses. If he had been destined to be a poet, he could not have taken his leave ; and, as an accomplished lawyer, he was always within the pale of the *literæ humaniores*. The greatest practical lawyers, such as Coke and Plowdon, may not have been the most literary, but those who have understood the law in the greatest and best spirit have ; and the former, great as they may be, are yet but as servants and secretaries to the rest. They know where to find, but the others know best how to apply. Bacon, Clarendon, Selden, Somers, Cowper, Mansfield, were all men of letters. So are the Broughams and Campbells of the present day. Pope says, that Mansfield would have been another Ovid. This may be doubted ; but nobody should doubt that the better he understood a poet, the fitter he was for universality of judgment. The greatest lawyer is the greatest legislator.

The “pert Templar,” of whom we hear so much between the reigns of the Stuarts and the late King, came up with the growth of literature and the coffee-houses. Everybody then began to write or to criticise ; and young men, brought up in the mootings of points, and



ORGAN LOFT, LODGE ROOM, MASONIC TEMPLE



in the confidence of public speaking, naturally pressed among the foremost. Besides, a variety of wits had issued from the Temple in the reign of Charles and his brother, and their successors in lodging took themselves for their heirs in genius. The coffee-houses by this time had become cheap places to talk in. They were the regular morning lounge and evening resource; and every lad who had dipped his finger and thumb into Dryden's snuff-box, thought himself qualified to dictate for life. In Pope's time these pretensions came to be angrily rejected, partly, perhaps, because none of the reigning wits, with the exception of Congreve, had had a Temple education.

“Three college sophs and three pert Templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same,
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of poetry and prate.”

We could quote many other passages to the same purpose, but we shall come to one presently which will suffice for all, and exhibit the young Templar of those days in all the glory of his impertinence. At present the Templars make no more pretensions than other well-educated men. Many of them are still connected with the literature of the day, but in



the best manner and with the soundest views ; and if there is no pretension to wit, there is the thing itself. It would be endless to name all the celebrated lawyers who have had to do with the Temple. Besides, we shall have to notice the most eminent of them in other places, where they passed a greater portion of their lives. We shall therefore confine ourselves to the mention of such as have lived in it without being lawyers, or thrown a grace over it in connection with wit and literature.

Chaucer, as we have just observed, is thought, upon slight evidence, to have been of the Temple. We know not who the Mr. Buckley was, that says he saw his name in the record ; and the name, if there, might have been that of some other Chaucer. The name is said to be not unfrequent in records under the Norman dynasty. We are told by Thynne, in his *Animadversions* on Speght's edition of the poet's works (published a few year's ago from the manuscript by Mr. Todd, in his *Illustrations of Chaucer and Gower*), that " it is most certain to be gathered by circumstances of records that the lawyers were not in the Temple until towards the latter part of the reign of King Edward III., at which time Chaucer was a



grave man, holden in great credit, and employed in embassy." "So that methinketh," adds the writer, "he should not be of that house; and yet, if he then were, I should judge it strange that he should violate the rules of peace and gravity in those years."

The first English tragedy of any merit, *Gorbuduc*, was written in the Temple by Thomas Norton and Thomas Sackville, afterwards the celebrated statesman, and founder of the title of Dorset. He was author of a noble performance, the *Induction for the Mirrour of Magistrates*, in which there is a foretaste of the allegorical *gusto* of Spenser. Raleigh was of the Temple; Selden, who died in Whitefriars; Lord Clarendon; Beaumont; two other of our old dramatists, Ford and Marston (the latter of whom was lecturer of the Middle Temple); Wycherly, whom it is said the Duchess of Cleveland used to visit, in the habit of a milliner; Congreve, Rowe, Fielding, Burke and Cowper. Goldsmith was not of the Temple, but he had chambers in it, died there, and was buried in the Temple Church. He resided, first on the Library Staircase, afterwards in King's Bench Walk, and finally at No. 2, Brick Court, where he had a first floor elegantly



furnished. It was in one of the former lodgings that, being visited by Dr. Johnson, and expressing something like a shamefaced hope that he should soon be in lodgings better furnished, "Johnson," says Boswell, "at the same time checked him, and paid him a handsome compliment, implying that a man of talent should be above attention to such distinctions. 'Nay, sir, never mind that; it is only yourself that need be looked for.' He died in Brick Court. It is said that when he was on his deathbed, the landing-place was filled with inquirers, not of the most mentionable description, who lamented him heartily, for he was lavish of his money as he went along Fleet Street. We are told by one of the writers of the life prefixed to his works (probably Bishop Percy, who contributed the greater part of it), that "he was generous in the extreme, and so strongly affected by compassion, that he has been known at midnight to abandon his rest in order to procure relief and an asylum for a poor dying object who was left destitute in the streets." This, surely, ought to be praise to no man, however benevolent: but it is, in the present state of society. However, the offices of the good Samaritan are now reckoned among



the things that may be practised as well as preached, without diminution of a man's reputation for common sense; and this is a great step. We will here mention, that Goldsmith had another residence in Fleet Street. He wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield* in Wine Office Court. Of the curious circumstances under which this delightful novel was sold, various inaccurate accounts have been given. The following is Boswell's account, taken from Dr. Johnson's own mouth:—

“I received one morning,” said Johnson, “a message from poor Goldsmith, that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went to him as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel for the press, which he produced to me.



I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I would soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

Johnson himself lived for some time in the Temple. It was there that he was first visited by his biographer, who took rooms in Farrar's Buildings in order to be near him. His appearance and manners on this occasion, especially as our readers are now of the party, are too characteristic to be omitted, "His chambers," says Boswell, "were on the first floor of No. 1, Middle Temple Lane—and I entered them with an impression given me by the Rev. Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having 'found the giant in his den,' an expression which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself. . . .

"He received me very courteously; but it must be confessed his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress, were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty;



he had on a little shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head ; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose ; his black worsted stockings ill-drawn up ; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him ; and when they went away, I also rose but he said to me, ‘Nay, don’t go.’ ‘Sir,’ said I, ‘I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you.’ He seemed pleased with this compliment which I sincerely paid him, and answered, ‘Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me.’” (He meant that it relieved his melancholy.)

It was in a dress of this sort, and without his hat, that he was seen rushing one day after two of the highest-bred visitors conceivable, in order to hand one of them to her coach. These were his friend Beauclerc, of the St. Albans family, and Madame de Boufflers, mother (if we mistake not) of the Chevalier de Boufflers, the celebrated French wit. Her report, when she got home, must have been overwhelming ; but she was clever and amiable, like her son, and is said to have appreciated the talents of



the great uncouth. Beauclerc, however, must repeat the story :—

“When Madame de Boufflers,” says he, “was first in England, she was desirous to see Johnson. I accordingly went with her to his chambers in the Temple, where she was entertained with his conversation for some time. When our visit was over, she and I left him, and were got into Inner Temple Lane, when all at once I heard a noise like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who, it seems, on a little recollection, had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honours of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality ; and eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the stairs in violent agitation. He overtook us before we reached the Temple-gate, and brushing in between me and Madame de Boufflers, seized her hand and conducted her to the coach. His dress was a rusty-brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose. A considerable crowd of people gathered round, and were not a little struck by his singular appearance.”



STATION CHAIR, MASONIC TEMPLE



It was in the Inner Temple Lane one night, being seized with a fit of merriment at something that touched his fancy, not without the astonishment of his companions, who could not see the joke, that Johnson went roaring all the way to the Temple-gate; where, being arrived, he burst into such a convulsive laugh, says Boswell, that in order to support himself he “laid hold of one of the posts at the side of the foot-pavement, and sent forth peals so loud, that in the silence of the night, his voice seemed to resound from Temple-bar to Fleet-ditch. This most ludicrous exhibition,” continues his follower, “of the awful, melancholy, and venerable Johnson, happened well to counteract the feelings of sadness which I used to experience when parting from him for a considerable time. I accompanied him to his door, where he gave me his blessing.”

Between the Temple-gates, at one time, lived Bernard Lintot, who was in no better esteem with authors than the other great bookseller of those times, Jacob Tonson. There is a pleasant anecdote of Dr. Young’s addressing him a letter by mistake, which Bernard opened, and found it begin thus:—“That Bernard Lintot is so great a scoundrel.”—“It must have been



very amusing," said Young," "to have seen him in his rage: he was a great sputtering fellow."

Between the gates and Temple-bar, but nearer to the latter, was the famous Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonson held his club. Messrs. Child, the bankers, bought it in 1787, and the present houses were erected on its site. We believe that the truly elegant house of Messrs. Hoare, their successors, does not interfere with the place on which it stood. We rather think it was very near to Temple-bar, perhaps within a house or two. The club-room, which was afterwards frequently used for balls, was called the Apollo, and was large and handsome, with a gallery for music. Probably the house had originally been a private abode of some consequence. The *Leges Convivales*, which Jonson wrote for his club, and which are to be found in his works, are composed in his usual style of elaborate and compiled learning, not without a taste of that dictatorial self-sufficiency, which, notwithstanding all that has been said by his advocates, and the good qualities he undoubtedly possessed, forms an indellible part of his character. Says he, "Let nobody repeat to us insipid poetry;" as if all that he should read



of his own must infallibly be otherwise. The club at the Devil does not appear to have resembled the higher one at the Mermaid, where Shakspeare and Beaumont used to meet him. He most probably had it all to himself. This is the tavern mentioned by Pope :—

“And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.”

It was in good repute at the beginning of the last century. “I dined today,” says Swift, in one of his letters to Stella, “with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison at the Devil Tavern, near Temple-bar, and Garth treated: and it is well I dine every day, else I should be longer making out my letters; for we are yet in a very dull state, only inquiring every day after new elections, where the Tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. Addison’s election has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe if he had a mind to be chosen king, he would hardly be refused.” Yet Addison was a Whig. Addison had not then had his disputes with Pope and others; and his intercourse, till his sincerity became doubted, was very delightful. It is impossible to read of those famous wits dining together and not lingering upon the occasion a little, and wishing we could have



heard them talk. Yet wits have their uneasiness, because of their wit. Swift was probably not very comfortable at this dinner. He was then beginning to feel awkward with his Whig friends ; and Garth, in the previous month of September, had written a defence of Godolphin, the ousted Minister, which was unhandsomely attacked in the *Examiner* by their common acquaintance Prior, himself formerly a Whig.

The fire of London stopped at the Temple Exchange coffee-house ; a circumstance which is recorded in an inscription, stating the house to have been the last of the houses burnt, and the first restored. The old front of this house was taken down about a century ago ; but on its being rebuilt, the stone with the inscription was replaced.

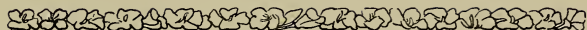
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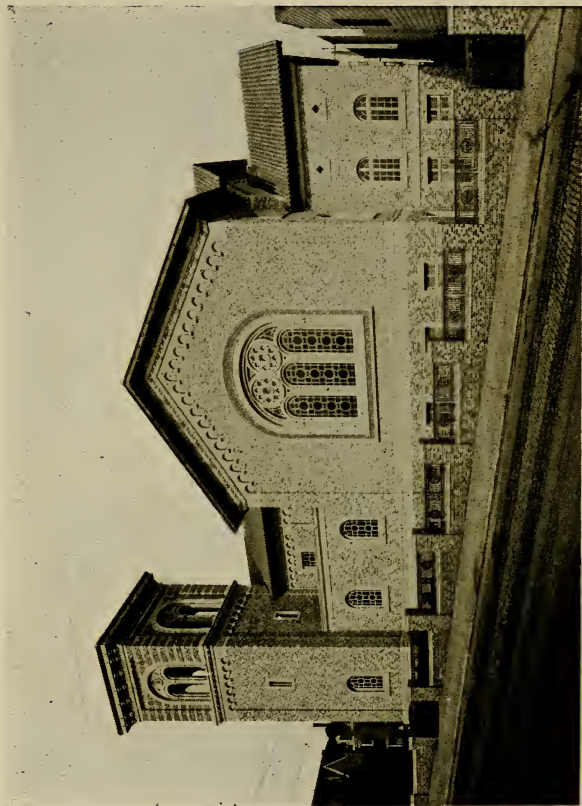
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MARCH 25, 1914



“HIGH ART CONSISTS NEITHER IN ALTERING, NOR IN IMPROVING NATURE; BUT IN SEEKING THROUGHOUT NATURE FOR ‘WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE LOVELY, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE PURE’; IN LOVING THESE, IN DISPLAYING TO THE UTMOST OF THE PAINTER’S POWER SUCH LOVELINESS AS IS IN THEM, AND DIRECTING THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS TO THEM BY WINNING ART, OR GENTLE EMPHASIS. ART IS GREAT IN EXACT PROPORTION TO THE LOVE OF BEAUTY SHOWN BY THE PAINTER, PROVIDED THAT LOVE OF BEAUTY FORFEIT NO ATOM OF TRUTH.”

RUSKIN.



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
EDGAR A. MATHEWS, *Architect*



OF AGRICULTURE.



THE first wish of Virgil (as you will find anon by his verses) was to be a good philosopher; the second, a good husbandman; and God (whom he seemed to understand better than most of the most learned heathens) dealt with him, just as he did with Solomon; because he prayed for wisdom in the first place, he added all things else, which were subordinately to be desired. He made him one of the best philosophers, and best husbandmen; and, to adorn and communicate both those faculties, the best poet: he made him, besides all this, a rich man, and a man who desired to be no richer. To be a husbandman, is but a retreat from the city; to be a



philosopher, from the world ; or rather, a retreat from the world, as it is man's, into the world, as it is God's.

But, since nature denies to most men the capacity or appetite, and fortune allows but to a very few the opportunities or possibility of applying themselves wholly to philosophy, the best mixture of human affairs that we can make, are the employments of a country life. It is the nearest neighbor, or rather next in kindred, to philosophy. Varro says, the principles of it are the same which Ennius made to be the principles of all nature, Earth, Water, Air, and the Sun. It does certainly comprehend more parts of philosophy, than any one profession, art, or science, in the world besides : and therefore Cicero says, the pleasures of a husbandman come very nigh to those of a philosopher. There is no other sort of life that affords so many branches of praise to a panegyrist : the utility of it, to a man's self ; the usefulness, or rather necessity, of it to all the rest of mankind ; the innocence, the pleasure, the antiquity, the dignity.

The utility (I mean plainly the lucre of it) is not so great, now in our nation, as arises from merchandise and the trading of the city, from



whence many of the best estates and chief honors of the kingdom are derived : we have no men now fetched from the plow to be made lords, as they were in Rome to be made consuls and dictators ; the reason of which I conceive to be from an evil custom, now grown as strong among us as if it were a law, which is, that no men put their children to be bred up apprentices in agriculture, as in other trades, but such who are so poor, that, when they come to be men, they have no wherewithal to set up in it, and so can only farm some small parcel of ground, the rent of which devours all but the bare subsistence of the tenant : whilst they who are proprietors of the land are either too proud, or, for want of that kind of education, too ignorant, to improve their estates, though the means of doing it be as easy and certain in this, as in any other track of commerce. If there were always two or three thousand youths, for seven or eight years, bound to this profession, that they might learn the whole art of it, and afterwards be enabled to be masters of it, by a moderate stock ; I cannot doubt but that we should see as many aldermen's estates made in the country, as now we do out of all kinds of merchandizing in the city. There are many ways



to be rich, and, which is better, there is no possibility to be poor, without such negligence as can neither have excuse nor pity ; for a little ground will, without question, feed a little family, and the superfluities of life (which are now in some cases by custom made almost necessary) must be supplied out of the superabundance of art and industry, or contemned by as great a degree of philosophy.

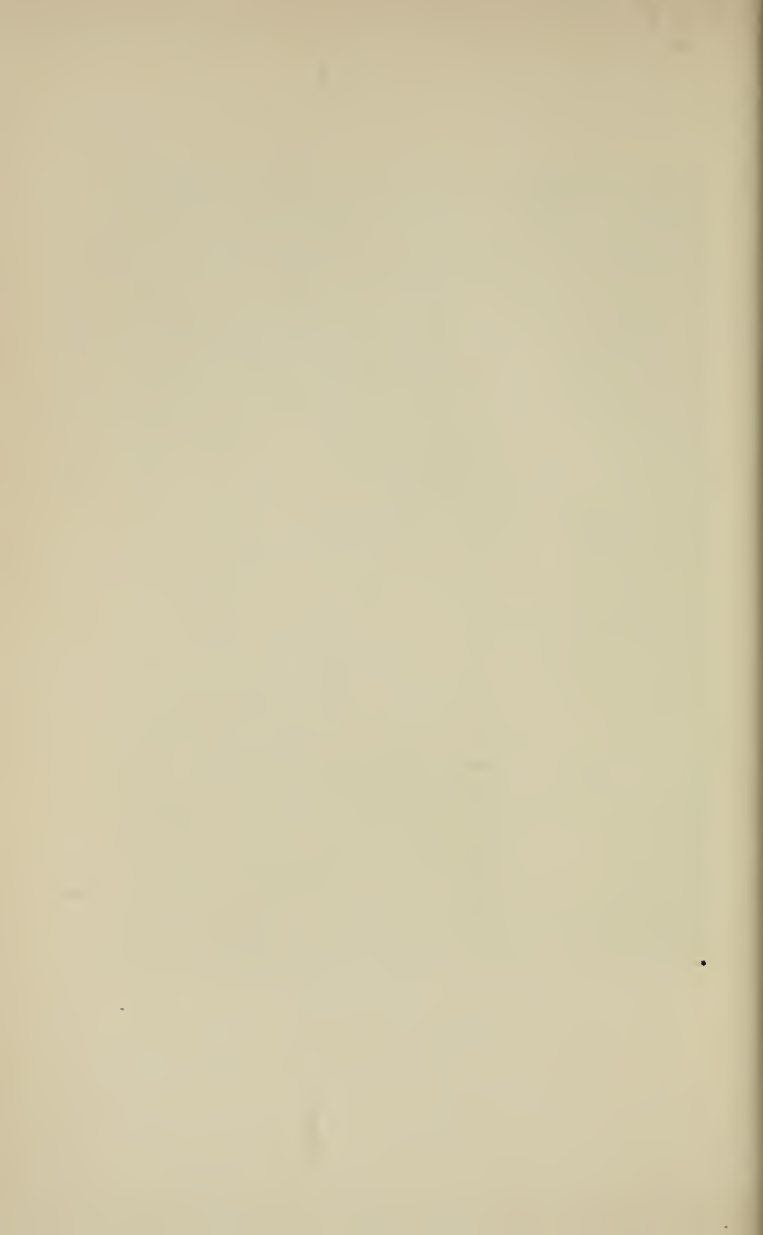
As for the necessity of this art, it is evident enough, since this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This is like speech, without which the society of men cannot be preserved ; the others, like figures and tropes of speech, which serve only to adorn it. Many nations have lived, and some do still, without any art but this : not so elegantly, I confess, but still they live ; and almost all the other arts, which are here practised, are beholden to this for most of their materials.

The innocence of this life is the next thing for which I commend it ; and if husbandmen preserve not that, they are much to blame, for no men are so free from the temptations of iniquity. They live by what they can get by industry from the earth ; and others, by what they can catch by craft from men. They live



INTERIOR FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

EDGAR A. MATHEWS, *Architect*





upon an estate given them by their mother ; and others, upon an estate cheated from their brethren. They live, like sheep and kine, by the allowances of nature ; and others, like wolves and foxes, by the acquisitions of rapine. And, I hope, I may affirm (without any offence to the great) that sheep and kine are very useful, and that wolves and foxes are pernicious creatures. They are, without dispute, of all men, the most quiet and least apt to be inflamed to the disturbance of the commonwealth : their manner of life inclines them, and interest binds them, to love peace : in our late mad and miserable civil wars, all other trades, even to the meanest, set forth whole troops, and raised up some great commanders, who became famous and mighty for the mischiefs they had done : but I do not remember the name of any one husbandman, who had so considerable a share in the twenty years' ruin of his country, as to deserve the curses of his countrymen.

And if great delights be joined with so much innocence, I think it is ill done of men, not to take them here, where they are so tame, and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in courts and cities, where they are so wild, and the chase so troublesome and dangerous.



We are here among the vast and noble scenes of nature ; we are there among the pitiful shifts of policy : we walk here in the light and open ways of the divine bounty ; we grope there in the dark and confused labyrinths of human malice : our senses are here feasted with the clear and genuine sense of their objects, which are all sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelmed with their contraries. Here, pleasure looks (methinks) like a beautiful, constant, and modest wife ; it is there an impudent, painted, and fickle harlot. Here, is harmless and cheap plenty ; there, guilty and expensive luxury.

I shall only instance in one delight more, the most natural and best-natured of all others, a perpetual companion of the husbandman ; and that is, the satisfaction of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own art, and diligence ; to be always gathering of some fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding : to see all his fields and gardens covered with the beautiful creatures of his own industry ; and to see, like God, that all his works are good :—

“On his heart-strings a secret joy does strike.”



The antiquity of his art is certainly not to be contested by any other. The three first men in the world, were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier; and if any man object that the second of these was a murderer, I desire that he would consider, that as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession, and turned builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that Ecclesiasticus forbids us to hate husbandry; *because* (says he) *the Most High has created it*. We were all born to this art, and taught by nature to nourish our bodies by the same earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their sustenance.

Behold the original and primitive nobility of all those great persons, who are too proud now, not only to till the ground, but almost to tread upon it. We may talk what we please of lilies, and lions rampant, and spread-eagles, in fields *d'or* or *d'argent*; but, if heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable, would be the most noble and ancient arms.

All these considerations make me fall into the wonder and complaint of Columella, how it should come to pass that all arts and sciences (for the dispute, which is an art, and which a



science, does not belong to the curiosity of us husbandmen,) metaphysic, physic, morality, mathematics, logic, rhetoric, etc., which are all, I grant, good and useful faculties, (except only metaphysic, which I do not know whether it be anything or no ;) but even vaulting, fencing, dancing, attiring, cooking, carving, and such like vanities, should all have public schools and masters, and yet that we should never see or hear of any man, who took upon him the profession of teaching this so pleasant, so virtuous, so profitable, so honorable, so necessary an art.

A man would think, when he is in serious humor, that it were but a vain, irrational, and ridiculous thing, for a great company of men and women to run up and down in a room together, in a hundred several postures and figures, to no purpose, and with no design ; and therefore dancing was invented first, and only practised anciently, in the ceremonies of the heathen religion, which consisted all in mummerly and madness ; the latter being the chief glory of the worship, and accounted divine inspiration , this, I say, a severe man would think ; though I dare not determine so far against so customary a part now, of good breeding. And yet, who is there



among our gentry, that does not entertain a dancing master for his children, as soon as they are able to walk? But did ever any father provide a tutor for his son, to instruct him betimes in the nature and improvement of that land which he intended to leave him? That is at least a superfluity, and this a defect, in our manner of education; and therefore I could wish (but cannot in these times much hope to see it) that one college in each university were erected, and appropriated to this study, as well as there are to medicine and the civil law; there would be no need of making a body of scholars and fellows, with certain endowments, as in other colleges; it would suffice, if, after the manner of halls in Oxford, there were only four professors constituted (for it would be too much work for only one master, or principal, as they call them there) to teach these four parts of it: First, Aration, and all things relating to it. Secondly, Pasturage. Thirdly, Gardens, Orchards, Vineyards, and Woods. Fourthly, all parts of Rural Economy, which would contain the government of Bees, Swine, Poultry, Decoys, Ponds, Etc., together with the sports of the field (which ought to be looked upon not only as pleasures, but as parts



of house keeping), and the domestical conservation and uses of all that is brought in by industry abroad. The business of these professors should not be, as is commonly practised in other arts, only to read pompous and superficial lectures, out of Virgil's Georgics, Pliny, Varro, or Columella; but to instruct their pupils in the whole method and course of this study, which might be run through perhaps, with diligence, in a year or two: and the continual succession of scholars, upon a moderate taxation for their diet, lodging, and learning, would be a sufficient constant revenue for maintenance of the house and the professors, who should be men not chosen for the ostentation of critical literature, but for solid and experimental knowledge of the things they teach; such men, so industrious and public-spirited, as I conceive Mr. Hartlib to be, if the gentleman be yet alive: but it is needless to speak further of my thoughts of this design, unless the present disposition of the age allowed more probability of bringing it into execution. What I have further to say of the country life, shall be borrowed from the poets, who were always the most faithful and affectionate friends to it. Poetry was born among the shepherds.



The Muses still love their own native place;
'T has secret charms, which nothing can deface.

The truth is, no other place is proper for their work ; one might as well undertake to dance in a crowd, as to make good verses in the midst of noise and tumult.

As well might corn, as verse, in cities grow ;
In vain the thankless glebe we plough and sow ;
Against th' unnatural soil in vain we strive ;
'Tis not a ground in which these plants will thrive.

It will bear nothing but the nettles and thorns of satire, which grow most naturally in the worst earth ; and therefore almost all poets, except those who were not able to eat bread without the bounty of great men, that is, without what they could get by flattering of them, have not only withdrawn themselves from the vices and vanities of the grand world, into the innocent happiness of a retired life ; but have commended and adorned nothing so much by their ever-living poems. Hesiod was the first or second poet in the world that remains yet extant (if Homer, as some think, preceded him, but I rather believe they were contemporaries) ; and he is the first writer too of the art of husbandry : "he has contributed (says Columella) not a little to our profession ;" I suppose, he



means not a little honour, for the matter of his instructions is not very important: his great antiquity is visible through the gravity and simplicity of his style. The most acute of all his sayings concerns our purpose very much, and is couched in the reverend obscurity of an oracle. *The half is more than the whole.* The occasion of the speech is this; his brother Perses had, by corrupting some great men (great bribe-eaters, he calls them), gotten from him the half of his estate. It is no matter, (says he); they have not done me so much prejudice, as they imagine:

Unhappy they, to whom God has not reveal'd,
By a strong light which must their sense control,
That half a great estate's more than the whole.
Unhappy, from whom still conceal'd does lie,
Of roots and herbs, the wholesome luxury.

This I conceive to be honest Hesiod's meaning. From Homer, we must not expect much concerning our affairs. He was blind, and could neither work in the country, nor enjoy the pleasures of it; his helpless poverty was likeliest to be sustained in the highest places; he was to delight the Grecians with fine tales of the wars and adventures of their ancestors; his subject removed him from all commerce with us, and yet, methinks, he made a shift to



PULPIT, FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE



show his goodwill a little. For, though he could do us no honor in the person of his hero Ulysses (much less of Achilles), because his whole time was consumed in wars and voyages; yet he makes his father Laertes a gardener all that while, and seeking his consolation for the absence of his son in the pleasure of planting, and even dunging his own grounds. Ye see, he did not condemn us peasants; nay, so far was he from that insolence, that he always styles Eumæus, who kept the hogs, with wonderful respect, the divine swine herd: he could have done no more for Menelaus or Agamemnon. And Theocritus (a very ancient poet, but he was one of our own tribe, for he wrote nothing but pastorals), gave the same epithet to an husbandman. These were civil Greeks, and who understood the dignity of our calling! Among the Romans we have, in the first place, our truly divine Virgil, who, though, by the favor of Mæcenas and Augustus, he might have been one of the chief men of Rome, yet chose rather to employ much of his time in the exercise, and much of his immortal wit in the praise and instructions of a rustic life; who, though he had written, before, whole books of pastorals and georgics, could not abstain, in his great



and imperial poem, from describing Evander, one of his best princes, as living just after the homely manner of an ordinary countryman. He seats him in a throne of maple, and lays him but upon a bear's skin ; the kine and oxen are lowing in his courtyard ; the birds under the eaves of his window call him up in the morning ; and when he goes abroad, only two dogs go along with him for his guard : at last, when he brings Æneas into his royal cottage, he makes him say this wonderful compliment, greater than ever yet was spoken at the Escorial, the Louvre, or our Whitehall :

This humble roof, this rustic court (said he),
Receiv'd Alcides, crown'd with victory :
Scorn not, great guest, the steps where he has trod ;
But contemn wealth, and imitate a God.

The next man, whom we are much obliged to, both for his doctrine and example, is the next best poet in the world to Virgil, his dear friend Horace ; who, when Augustus had desired Mæcenus to persuade him to come and live domestically with him and at the same table with him, and to be secretary of state of the whole world under him, or rather jointly with him, could not be tempted to forsake his Sabine, or Tiburion manor, for so rich and so



glorious a trouble. There was never, I think, such an example as this in the world, that he should have so much moderation and courage as to refuse an offer of such greatness, and the emperor so much generosity and good nature as not to be at all offended with his refusal, but to retain still the same kindness, and express it often to him in most friendly and familiar letters, part of which are still extant. If I should produce all the passages of this most excellent author upon the several subjects which I treat of in this book, I must be obliged to translate half his works.

I shall content myself upon this particular theme with three only, one out of his Odes, the other out of his Satires, the third out of his Epistles; and shall forbear to collect the suffrages of all other poets, which may be found scattered up and down through all their writings, and especially in Martial's. But I must not omit to make some excuse for the bold undertaking of my own unskilful pencil upon the beauties of a face that has been drawn before by so many great masters; especially that I should dare to do it in Latin verses (though of another kind), and have the confidence to translate them. I can only say that



I love the matter, and that ought to cover many faults ; and that I run not to contend with those before me, but follow to applaud them.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

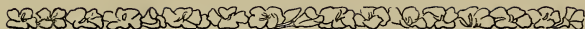
(Concluded in April.)



VOL. VIII.

No. 7

APRIL 25, 1914



“MUSIC IS A MORAL LAW. IT GIVES A SOUL TO THE UNIVERSE, WINGS TO THE MIND, FLIGHT TO THE IMAGINATION, A CHARM TO SADNESS, GAIETY AND LIFE TO EVERYTHING. IT IS THE ESSENCE OF ORDER, AND LEADS TO ALL THAT IS GOOD, JUST, AND BEAUTIFUL, OF WHICH IT IS THE INVISIBLE, BUT NEVERTHELESS DAZZLING, PASSIONATE, AND ETERNAL FORM.”

PLATO.





OF AGRICULTURE.

A TRANSLATION OUT OF VIRGIL.



H happy (if his happiness he knows)
The country swains on whom kind
heav'n bestows
At home all riches, that wise nature
needs ;

Whom the just earth with easy plenty feeds.
'Tis true, no morning tide of clients comes,
And fills the painted channels of his rooms,
Adoring the rich figures, as they pass,
In tap'stry wrought, or cut in living brass ;
Nor is his wool superfluously dy'd
With the dear poison of Assyrian pride :
Nor do Arabian perfumes vainly spoil
The native use and sweetness of his oil.



Instead of these, his calm and harmless life,
Free from th' alarms of fear, and storms of strife,
Does with substantial blessedness abound,
And the soft wings of peace cover him round :
Through artless grots the murmuring waters
glide ;

Thick trees both against heat and cold provide,
From whence the birds salute him ; and his
ground

With lowing herds, and bleating sheep, does
sound ;

And all the rivers, and the forests nigh,
Both food, and game, and exercise, supply.

Here, a well-harden'd active youth we see,
Taught the great art of cheerful poverty.

Here, in this place alone, there still do shine
Some streaks of love, both human and divine ;
From hence Astræa took her flight, and here
Still her last foot-steps upon earth appear.

'Tis true, the first desire, which does control
All the inferior wheels that move my soul,
Is, that the Muse me her high priest would make,
Into her holiest scenes of mystery take,
And open there to my mind's purged eye
Those wonders, which to sense the gods deny.
How in the moon such change of shapes is found ;
The moon, the changing world's eternal bound.



What shakes the solid earth, what strong disease
Dares trouble the firm centre's ancient ease ;
What makes the sea retreat, and what advance :
"Varieties too regular for chance."

What drives the chariot on of winter's light,
And stops the lazy waggon of the night.

But, if my dull and frozen blood deny
To send forth spirits, that raise a soul so high !
In the next place, let woods and rivers be
My quiet, though inglorious, destiny.

In life's cool vale let my low scene be laid :
Cover me, gods, with Tompe's thickest shade.
Happy the man, I grant, thrice happy he,
Who can through gross effects their causes see :
Whose courage from the deeps of knowledge
springs,

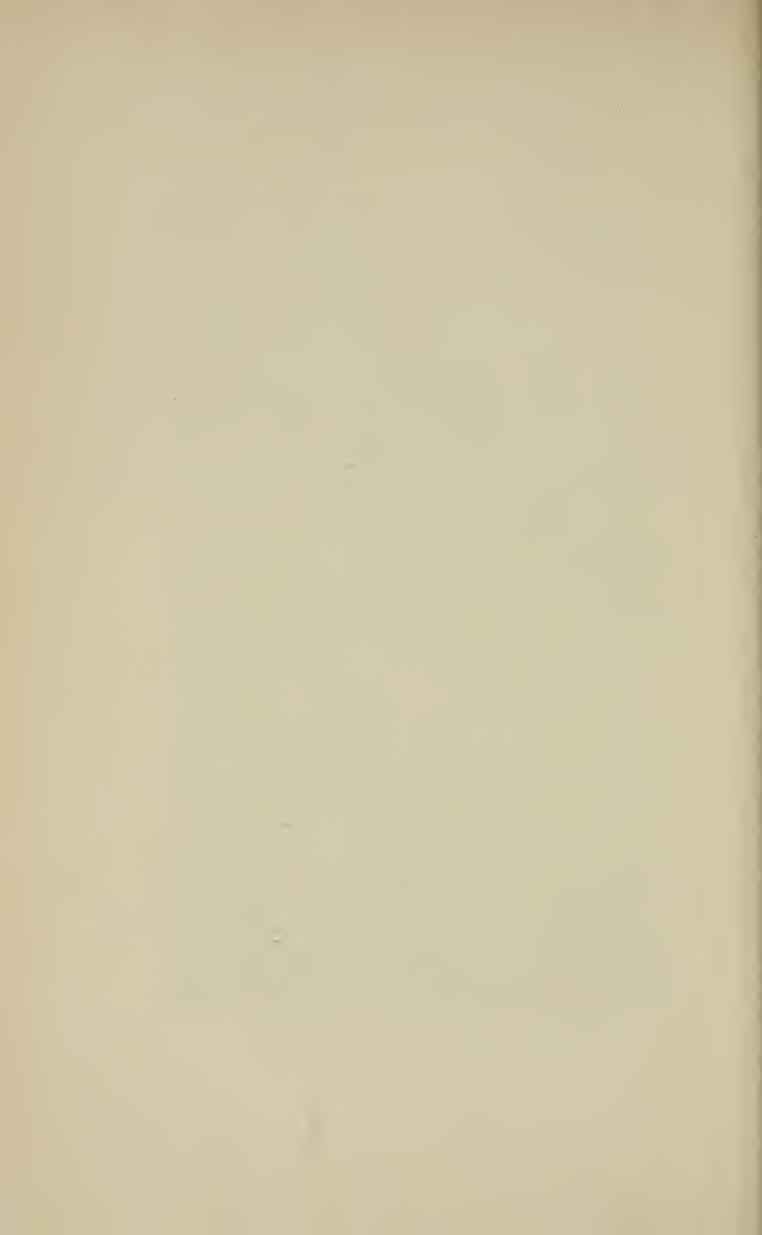
Nor vainly fears inevitable things ;
But does his walk of virtue calmly go
Through all th' alarms of death and hell below.
Happy ! but, next such conquerors, happy they,
Whose humble life lies not in fortune's way.
They, unconcern'd, from their safe distant seat
Behold the rods and sceptres of the great.
The quarrels of the mighty without fear,
And the descent of foreign troops they hear.
Nor can ev'n Rome their steady course misguide,
With all the lustre of her perishing pride.



Them never yet did strife or avarice draw
Into the noisy markets of the law,
The camps of gowned war ; nor do they live
By rules or forms, that many madmen give.
Duty for nature's bounty they repay,
And her sole law's religiously obey.
Some with bold labor plough the faithless main,
Some rougher storms in princes' courts sustain.
Some swell up their slight sails with popular
fame,
Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a name.
Some their vain wealth to earth again commit;
With endless cares some brooding o'er it sit.
Country and friends are by some wretches
sold,
To lie on Tyrian beds, and drink in gold ;
No price too high for profit can be shown ;
Not brother's blood, nor hazards of their
own.
Around the world in search of it they roam ;
It makes even their antipodes their home ;
Meanwhile, the prudent husbandman is found,
In mutual duties, striving with his ground,
And half the year the care of that does take,
That half the year grateful returns does make.
Each fertile month does some new gifts present,
And with new work his industry content.



THRONE, CHAPTER ROOM, MASONIC TEMPLE





This, the young lamb, that the soft fleece doth
yield ;

This, loads with hay, and that, with corn, the
field ;

All sorts of fruit crown the rich autumn's pride ;
And on a swelling hill's warm stony side,
The powerful princely purple of the vine,
Twice dy'd with the redoubled sun, does shine,
In th' evening to a fair ensuing day,
With joy he sees his flocks and kids to play ;
And loaded kine about his cottage stand,
Inviting with known sound the milker's hand ;
And, when from wholesome labor he doth come,
With wishes to be there, and wish'd for home,
He meets at door the softest human blisses,
His chaste wife's welcome, and dear children's
kisses.

When any rural holidays invite
His genius forth to innocent delight,
On earth's fair bed, beneath some sacred shade,
Amidst his equal friends carelessly laid,
He sings thee, Bacchus, patron of the vine.
The beechen bowl foams with a flood of wine,
Not to the loss of reason, or of strength :
To active games and manly sport, at length,
Their mirth ascends, and with fill'd veins they see,
Who can the best at better trials be.



From such the old Hetrurian virtue rose ;
Such was the life the prudent Sabines chose ;
Such, Rhemus and the god, his brother, led ;
From such firm footing Rome grew the world's
head.

Such was the life that, ev'n till now, does raise
The honor of poor Saturn's golden days.
Before men, born of earth and buried there,
Let in the sea their mortal fate to share :
Before new ways of perishing were sought,
Before unskilful death on anvils wrought :
Before those beasts, which human life sustain,
By men, unless to the gods' use, were slain.





ON AGRICULTURE.

A TRANSLATION OUT OF HORACE.



HAPPY the man, whom bounteous gods
allow
With his own hands paternal grounds
to plough !

Like the first golden mortals happy, he,
From business and the cares of money free !
No human storms break off, at land, his sleep ;
No loud alarms of nature on the deep :
From all the cheats of law he lives secure,
Nor does th' affronts of palaces endure ;
Sometimes, the beauteous marriageable vine
He to the lusty bridegroom elm does join ;
Sometimes, he lops the barren trees around,
And grafts new life into the fruitful wound ;
Sometimes, he shears his flock, and, some-
times, he

Stores up the golden treasures of the bee.
He sees his lowing herds walk o'er the plain,
Whilst neighboring hills low back to them again ;
And when the season, rich as well as gay,
All her autumnal bounty does display,



How is he pleas'd th' increasing use to see,
Of his well-trusted labors, bend the tree !
Of which large shares, on the glad sacred days,
He gives to friends, and to the gods repays.
With how much joy does he, beneath some shade
By aged trees' reverend embraces made,
His careless head on the fresh green incline,
His head uncharged with fear or with design.
By him a river constantly complains,
The birds above rejoice with various strains,
And in the solemn scene their orgies keep,
Like dreams. mix'd with the gravity of sleep ;
Sleep, which does always there for entrance wait,
And nought within against it shuts the gate.

Nor does the roughest season of the sky,
Or sullen Jove, all sports to him deny.
He runs the mazes of the nimble hare,
His well-mouth'd dogs' glad concert rends the
air ;

Or with game bolder, and rewarded more,
He drives into a toil the foaming boar ;
Here flies the hawk t'assault, and there the net,
To intercept the travailing fowl, is set ;
And all his malice, all his craft, is shown
In innocent wars, on beasts and birds alone ;
This is the life from all misfortunes free,
From thee, the great one, tyrant love, from thee ;



And, if a chaste and clean, though homely, wife
Be added to the blessings of his life,
Such as the ancient sun-burnt Sabins were,
Such as Apulia, frugal still, does bear,
Who makes her children and the house her care,
And joyfully the work of life does share,
Nor thinks herself too noble or too fine
To pin the sheepfold or to milch the kine,
Who waits at door against her husband come
From rural duties, late, and wearied, home,
Where she receives him with a kind embrace,
A cheerful fire, and a more cheerful face ;
And fills the bowl up to her homely lord,
And with domestic plenty loads the board :
Not all the lustful shell-fish of the sea,
Dress'd by the wanton hand of luxury,
Nor ortolans nor godwits, nor the rest
Of costly names that glorify a feast,
Are at the princely tables better cheer,
Than lamb and kid, lettuce and olives, here.



A PARAPHRASE.

TIOTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.



HEALTH, from the lover of the country, me,
Health to the lover of the city, thee;
A difference in our souls, this only
proves ;

In all things else we agree like married doves.
But the warm nest and crowded dove-house thou
Dost like; I loosely fly from bough to bough,
And rivers drink, and all the shining day,
Upon fair trees or mossy rocks, I play ;
In fine, I live and reign, when I retire
From all that you equal with heaven admire.
Like one at last from the priest's service fled,
Loathing the honied cakes, I long for bread.
Would I a house for happiness erect,
Nature alone should be the architect,
She'd build it more convenient, than great,
And, doubtless, in the country choose her seat.
Is there a place, doth better helps supply,
Against the wounds of winter's cruelty ?
Is there an air, that gentlier doth assuage



The mad celestial dog's, or lion's rage ?
Is it not there that sleep (and only there)
Nor noise without, nor cares within, does fear ?
Does art through pipes a purer water bring,
Than that, which nature strains into a spring ?
Can all your tap'stries, or your pictures, show
More beauties, than in herbs and flowers, do
grow ?

Fountains and trees our wearied pride to please,
Even in the midst of gilded palaces.

And in your towns, that prospect gives delight,
Which opens round the country to our sight.

Men to the good, from which they rashly fly,
Return at last ; and their wild luxury

Does but in vain with those true joys contend,
Which nature did to mankind recommend.

The man, who changes gold for burnish'd
brass,

Or small right gems for larger ones of glass,

Is not, at length, more certain to be made

Ridiculous, and wretched by the trade,

Than he, who sells a solid good, to buy

The painted goods of pride and vanity.

If thou be wise, no glorious fortune choose,

Which 'tis but pain to keep, yet grief to lose.

For, when we place even trifles in the heart,

With trifles too, unwillingly we part.



An humble roof, plain bed, and humble board,
More clear, untainted pleasures do afford,
Than all the tumult of vain greatness brings
To kings, or to the favorites of kings.
The horned deer, by nature arm'd so well,
Did with the horse in common's pasture dwell;
And, when they fought, the field it always wan,
Till the ambitious horse begg'd help of man,
And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign
Bravely alone, as lord of all the plain;
But never after could the rider get
From off his back, or from his mouth the bit.
So they, who poverty too much do fear,
T' avoid that weight, a greater burden bear;
That they might power above their equals
have,
To cruel masters they themselves enslave.
For gold, their liberty exchange'd we see,
That fairest flower, which crowns humanity.
And all this mischief does upon them light,
Only because they know not how, aright,
That great, but secret, happiness to prize,
That's laid up in a little, for the wise :
That is the best and easiest estate,
Which to a man sits close, but not too strait :
'Tis like a shoe ; it pinches, and it burns,
Too narrow ; and too large, it overturns.



STATION CHAIR, MASONIC TEMPLE





My dearest friend, stop thy desires at last,
And cheerfully enjoy the wealth thou hast.
And, if me still seeking for more you see,
Chide, and reproach, despise and laugh at me.
Money was made, not to command our will,
But all our lawful pleasures to fulfil.
Shame and woe to us, if we our wealth obey ;
The horse doth with the horseman run away.





THE COUNTRY LIFE.



BLEST be the man (and blest he is)
whom e'er
(Plac'd far out of the roads of hope
or fear)

A little field, and little garden, feeds:
The field gives all that frugal nature needs;
The wealthy garden liberally bestows
All she can ask, when she luxurious grows.
The specious inconveniences, that wait
Upon a life of business, and of state,
He sees (nor does the sight disturb his rest)
By fools desir'd, by wicked men possest.
Thus, thus (and this deserv'd great Virgil's
praise)

The old Corycian yeoman pass'd his days;
Thus his wise life Abdolonymus spent;
Th' ambassadors, which the great emperor sent
To offer him a crown, with wonder found
The reverend gard'ner hoeing of his ground;
Unwillingly and slow and discontent,
From his lov'd cottage, to a throne he went.
And oft he stopt in his triumphant way,
And oft looked back, and oft was heard to sa y



Not without sighs, Alas, I there forsake
A happier kingdom than I go to take !
Thus Aglaüs (a man unknown to men,
But then) the gods knew, and therefore lov'd
him

Thus liv'd obscurely then without a name,
Aglaüs, now consign'd t' eternal fame,
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
Presum'd, at wise Apollo's Delphic seat
Presum'd, to ask, Oh thou, the whole world's
eye,

See'st thou a man, that happier is than I ?
The god, who scorn'd to flatter men, reply'd,
Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd,
In a proud rage, who can that Aglaüs be ?
We have heard, as yet, of no such king as he.
And true it was, through the whole earth around
No king of such a name was to be found.
Is some old hero of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the gods derive ?
Is it some mighty general, that has done
Wonders in fight, and god-like honors won ?
Is it some man of endless wealth, said he ?
None, none of these. Who can this Aglaüs be ?
After long search, and vain inquiries past,
In an obscure Arcadian vale at last,
(Th' Arcadian life has always shady been)



Near Sopho's town (which he but once had
seen)

This Aglaüs, who monarchs' envy drew,
Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,
This mighty Aglaüs was laboring found,
With his own hands, in his own little ground.

So, gracious God, (if it may lawful be,
Among those foolish gods to mention thee)
So let me act, on such a private stage,
The last dull scenes of my declining age;
After long toils and voyages in vain,
This quiet port, let my tost vessel gain;
Of heavenly rest, this earnest to me lend,
Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end.

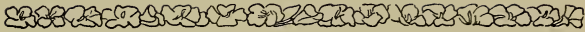
ABRAHAM COWLEY.



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MAY 25, 1914



“HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY, BUT HE WHO
IS HONEST FOR THAT REASON IS NOT AN HONEST
MAN.”

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.



FATES

From Painting by ARTHUR F. MATHEWS



AMIENS CATHEDRAL.



THE following notes were compiled shortly after a visit to Amiens in 1901, partly from observations made on the spot, and partly from material gathered subsequently. There can, we think, be no question as to the advantages of an occasional glance backwards at the products of methods that are obsolete, and of an age that is dead. From the masterpieces of the Past we can learn many lessons, not the least of which should be humility. From the point of view of an architect, with all our latter-day mechanical ingenuity, our schools and our training, we, of this age, come nowhere near producing such buildings as they built in the thirteenth century.

It is one of the ironies of the history of architecture that the very land, the very dis-



trict, that produced the great Gothic cathedrals is now the center of an activity the most potent to make us forget and ignore them! Beaux Arts enthusiasts may vehemently deny this, yet it is evident from the fruits of French teaching (which are now very generally spread over this land) that the classic motives and their derivatives occupy the thoughts of our architects to the exclusion of all others.

In view of the fact that much of our city building is vertical, rather than horizontal in character, a condition which does not prevail in Paris, and also remembering that architecture changes like fashion, and that the longer the prevailing mode continues the nearer we are getting to the end of it; considering these things is it not possible that before long the modern steel frame may tend to take on a Gothic rather than a Classic dress? In any case the outer style is but applique work at the best. To clothe a steel skeleton in Gothic forms and their derivatives for a change, seems logical therefore in the case of sky-scrapers at any rate if nowhere else.

However, these considerations have nothing to do with the spirit in which the following article was written.



IT IS generally conceded that there have been but two great and original styles of architecture in the history of the world, the Greek and the Gothic. The Erechtheum and the Parthenon may be said to be typical expressions of Greek architecture at its best. The former temple was dedicated to Athena Polias, whose olive-wood statue, "miraculously fallen from heaven," was therein most piously enshrined; the latter was dedicated to Athena Parthenos, or the Virgin Minerva.

The Cathedral at Amiens was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and, incidentally to Saint Fiamin, who brought the Gospel to the ancient city of Amiens in A. D. 308, and whose bones were "revealed in the early part of the twelfth century by miraculous rays of light," and so were ultimately enshrined in the Cathedral in much the same way in which the olive-wood statue of Minerva was preserved in the sacred precincts of the Erechtheum.

It is well to note that the brilliant "Pagans" of Greece worshipped the Virgin Minerva, or Athena, dedicating their finest temples to her and naming their grandest city in her honor; and that the pious Christians in the Isle de

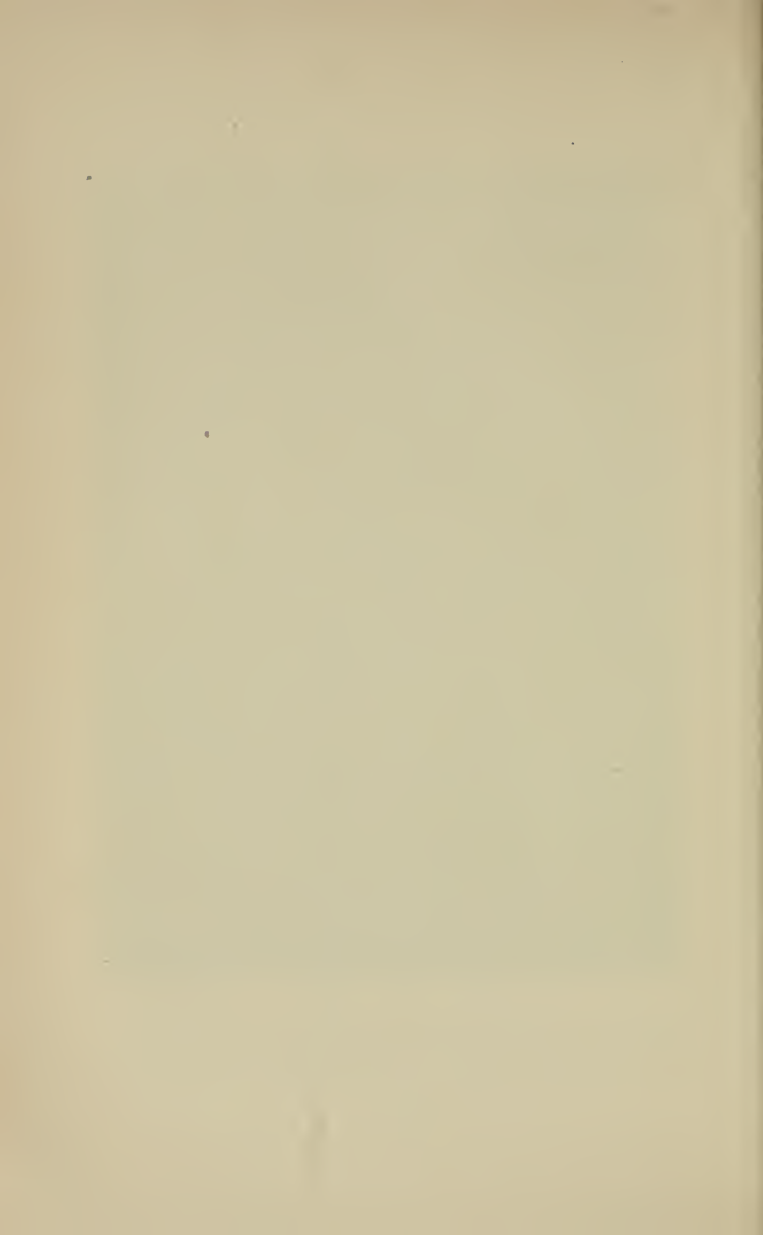


France also consecrated their temples to the Virgin—for not only the Cathedral of Amiens, but that of Rheims, Paris, Chartres, and countless others, were solemnly dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

Whether the wonderful artists, artisans, sculptors, and masons who wrought these supreme efforts of art and architecture in the fifth century before Christ, or the thirteenth after, did so “in fear and trembling,” and with an ever-present sense of the sanctity of the tasks before them, we do not know. In the individual this spirit may not have existed in a more marked degree than it did among the workmen of the Renaissance, some of whom we know to have been good artists, but very tough citizens. Whether the artists of Athens or Amiens were devout or not, we may at least be sure that they were sincere; that they believed in what they were doing, and put their whole minds and souls into it. We also know for certain that neither the Erechtheum nor the Cathedral was built to make “six per cent net” for anybody, but that religion was the parent of both enterprises; which were undertaken for the glorification of Jove, or Jehovah, and incidentally for the joy of doing a good thing well—



CATHEDRAL, AMIENS





and, without doubt, not a little to tickle the civic pride of the citizens of Athens and the good Aldermen of Amiens. Professor Mahaffy shows that the rivalry of cities and small states went far to account for the intensity of life among the Greeks and for their splendid achievements. We also know that the good people of Beauvais in their jealousy and determination to beat the citizens of Amiens set to work to build their own Cathedral as high as they possibly could. They built it so high that it tumbled down, and they have never yet been able to finish their Cathedral, which to this day stands a ruin !

It is strange that written history takes so little account of art or architecture of any land or epoch while art and architecture contain so much of history. Classic annals tell us next to nothing of the architecture of the ancients. Professor Mahaffy tells us that throughout the entire political history of Thucydides "there is not one single mention of any artist, nor of any work of art," so far as he knows. Mediæval chroniclers tell us but little of Gothic architecture and the craftsmen of their day. In Hallam's History of the Middle Ages, but one page of text and a few notes are devoted to



the ecclesiastical architecture of the entire era—the most prolific in all history, in that respect.

The origin of this activity in building, which culminated in the thirteenth century (in quality if not in quantity), is very remarkable. It began two centuries earlier. At the present day we are, perhaps, better able to realize a point that is seldom alluded to in history. Within a short time we shall enter upon the twentieth century. But, as impressive as that fact is, it does not strike mankind nearly as forcibly as will the dawn of the twenty-first century—or, more literally, the end of the one now impending, when men shall begin to write “A. D. 2000.” But with the scientific habits of ourselves and our successors, this date will not impress the world as did the year 1000. Toward the close of the 900’s, chroniclers inform us, the whole of Christendom was more or less convinced that the world would end in the year 1000. We have all kinds of curious evidence, direct and indirect, telling of this general belief and dread. In consequence, for some years before the time of the expected catastrophe, all building enterprises of any magnitude or durability were suspended. The suspension of business enterprises pending a



presidential election nowadays, gives but the mildest notion of the awful and the paralyzing depression which seized Christendom in the last decade of the tenth century.

When, however, that dreaded period had passed without the expected catastrophe, there came upon mankind such a "boom" in church building as was never known before nor since. An old chronicler, Rodulphe Glaber, relates that, as early as 1003, "so many churches and monasteries of stone and marble were being erected, especially in France and Italy, that the world appeared to be putting off its old, dingy attire, and putting on a new white robe." In a spirit of relief, thankfulness, and new born hope, "nearly all the bishop's seats, the churches, the monasteries, and even the village oratories, were changed for better ones." This activity also spread to Germany, the Baltic and the British Isles, and it was coincident with, and one of, the causes of the development of Gothic architecture.

If anything is to be done well, it must be done often, abundantly and universally. This tremendous activity reached its best development in the thirteenth century, but it had by no means spent its force until more than two



centuries later, at which time, prior to the Reformation and the Renaissance, it is stated on good authority, that there existed in France alone 30,000 churches, 1500 abbeys, 18,500 chapels and 1,800 priories. It is also stated that at the same period there were 45,000 churches and 55,000 chapels in England.

This incredible record gives some idea of the amazing activity of Gothic art, which, as before stated, was at its height during the thirteenth century—an epoch remarkable in many ways.

It was the age in which the Christian religion had its greatest hold upon humanity. The noonday of Papal dominion extends from the pontificate of Innocent III., A. D. 1198, inclusively, to that of Boniface VIII., A. D. 1294—or, in other words, throughout the thirteenth century. During that age Rome was once more mistress of the world, and “Kings were her vassals.”

This age also saw the culmination of feudalism and the crusades. Peter the Hermit, by the way, who preached the first Crusade, was a native of Amiens, and his statue now adorns the Cathedral Square. In the beginning of the century, Magna Charta (1215) defined for all



time in the noble words and quaint Latin of the fortieth clause, the duties of rulers to their people: "We will sell to no man, we will deny to no man, either justice, right or law." Near the century's end, in 1285, the principle of self-government by the people and for the people, was practically established for all time by Simon de Montfort.

But all agree that Gothic architecture was the greatest achievement of the age. Hallam says: "The mechanical execution of the thirteenth century builders was so far beyond the apparent intellectual powers of those times that some have ascribed the principal ecclesiastical structures to the fraternity of Free Masons, depositories of a concealed and traditionary science. There is probably some ground for this opinion, and the earlier archives of that mysterious association, if they existed, might illustrate the progress of Gothic architecture, and, perhaps, reveal its origin."

In the pavement of the nave of Amiens Cathedral can be read the following quaint couplets:

*"En l'an de grace Mil Deux Cents
Et vingt, fu l'œuvre de cheens
Premierement encommenchiez*



*Adont y est de chest Eveschies
Everard Evesque benis
Et Roy de France Loys
Qui fu fis Phillippe le Sage
Chil qui maistre de l'ouvrage
Maistre Robert estoit nomme
Et de Luscarches surnomme
Maistre Thomas fu apres lui
De Cormont et apres celsui
Se fis Maistre Regnault qui mettre
Fit a chest point chi cettre Lettre
Qui l'incarnation valoit
Treize cent ans douze en failloit."*

From which we learn that the gigantic work was begun in the year of Grace 1220 under Bishop Everard, Louis (IX), being King of France (afterwards canonized) and then Philippe The Wise ; the architect or master of the works being Robert de Lusarches, followed by Thomas de Cormont, and after him "Master Regnault," who put the inscription where it is when the work was completed in the year 1300, less 12, —which, of course, was 1288.

However, we know that the towers were not then carried so high as they are now. The flamboyant tracery also in the great rose window



shown in the picture is the work of a later date. For all that, the noble pile stands today much the same as it did when Master Regnault wrote his name on the pavement.

Mr. C. H. Moore, an American, who has written one of the clearest and best descriptions of Gothic architecture from a scientific point of view, says: "Not only is this nave the grandest in scale of any in France, being 132 feet from the pavement to the crown of the vault, but its design may justly be considered as the crowning glory of Gothic art, and the grand summing up of the principles and constructive forms that had been gradually taking shape since the beginning of the twelfth century."

"The interior," says an English writer, "is one of the most magnificent spectacles that architectural skill can ever produce. The mind is filled and elevated by its enormous height, its lofty and many colored clerestory, its grand proportions, its noble simplicity."

Of the marvelous ingenuity in carrying solid vaults of stone at a height of 120 feet throughout the 415 feet of the great nave and across the 230 feet of the transept; of the daring sweep of the flying buttresses that carry the thrust of these vaults, and the solidity of the



great piers that support them; of the airy grace and lightness of each member, the perfect union of form and function and the thousand and one other perfections that excite the wonder and delight of the student as the sublimity and poetry of the general effect transport the layman, little can be said here.

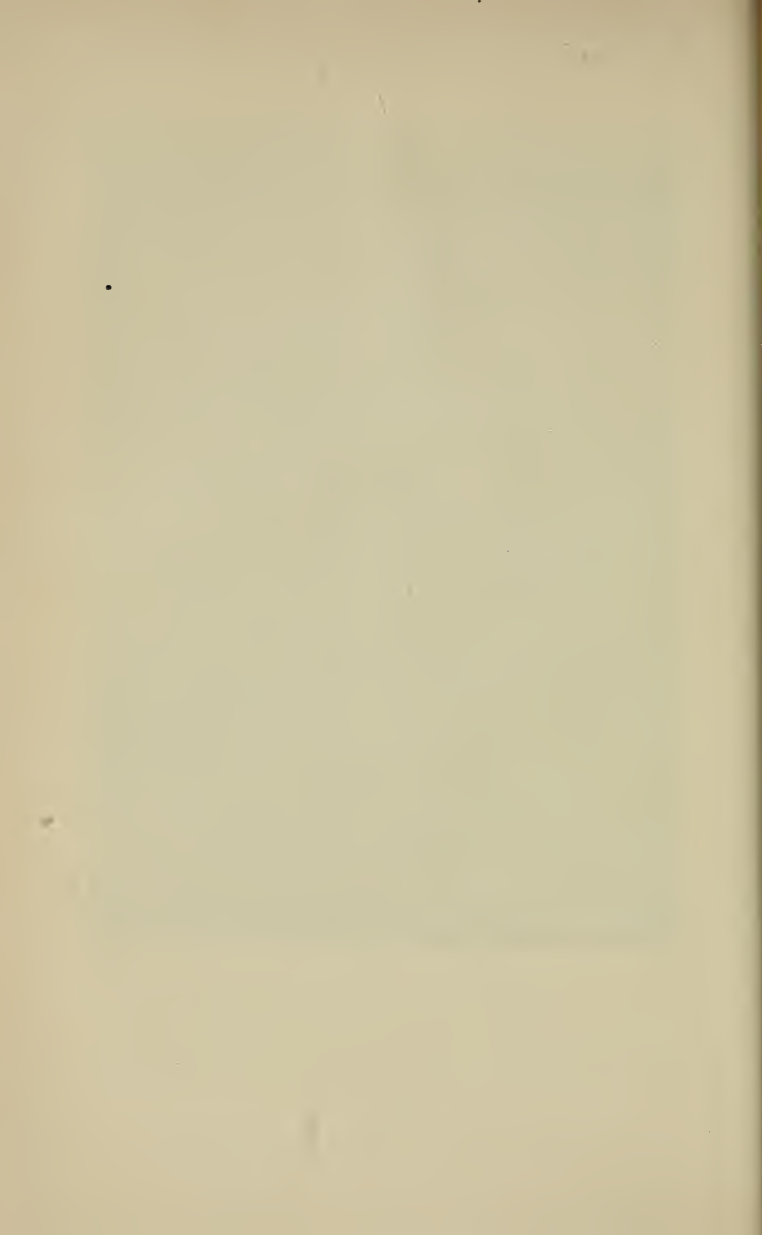
Nor can anything be said of the wealth of stained glass which at one time illuminated and glorified the entire structure. Neither is there time to dwell upon the apparent complexity and the multiplicity of aisles and chapels, and their real simplicity and symmetry—for the plan of Amiens Cathedral is in its way as simple, as straightforward and as symmetrical as the plan of Parthenon.

Like the Parthenon, also, it has sixteen well defined bays, or divisions, from end to end; and, also like the Parthenon, it is divided from side to side by seven bays across the transept.

The quantity of the material used in the Cathedral, however, would probably build half a dozen Parthenons, although the marble of the Greek temple is well worth six times the stone of the Cathedral, bulk for bulk. It may also be stated that each block used in the Parthenon is, on an average, more than six times



INTERIOR OF CATHEDRAL AT AMIENS





the weight of the blocks used at Amiens. Both buildings are also remarkable for the profusion of sculptured figures which adorned the pediments, metopes and friezes of the one, and the jambs, archivolts and tympanums of the other.

In this connection, speaking of Greek sculpture, Mr. W. H. Goodyear says : "Since printing has displaced the arts of form as a means of conveying ideas, it is difficult for us to realize how much the arts of form were bound with the every day lives and the every day needs of ancient peoples. In Greek sculpture and relief the Greeks had their Bible."

And "the Bible of Amiens" is precisely the title which Ruskin gives to his minute and inimitable description of the unique groups of statuary adorning the transept portals and the west front of the Cathedral in question. So that the student or tourist visiting Amiens today will see in a small shop in the Rue St. Honore a splendid collection of photographs advertised to illustrate "Professor Ruskin's Lectures on 'The Bible of Amiens.'"

The subjects represented on the building are many and various, including scenes from the lives of Christ and the Virgin Mary, allegorical



representations of the virtues and vices and the signs of the zodiac, with their corresponding agricultural labors.

In the center of each portal is a statue which forms the theme of all the surrounding sculpture. Above the portals in the gallery of niches across the facade, is a series of twenty-two statues representing the Kings of France from Childeric II. to Philip Augustus.

The sculptured figures in the tympanum over the south transept door are thus described in one of Ruskin's lectures: "Have you ever considered how much sympathy and how much humor are developed in filling this single doorway with these sculptures of St. Honore? (And, by the way, considering how often we English are now driving up and down the Rue St. Honore, we may as well know as much of the Saint as the old architect cares to tell us.) You know that in all legends of saints who ever were bishops, the first thing you are told of them is that they did 'nt want to be bishops. So here is St. Honore, who does 'nt want to be a bishop, sitting sulkily in a corner. He hugs his book with both hands, and won't get up to take his crozier. And here are all the city aldermen of Amiens come to poke him up,



and all the monks in the town in a great puzzle as to what they shall do for a bishop if St. Honore won't be. And there's one of the monks, in the opposite corner, who is quite cool about it, and thinks they'll get on well enough without St. Honore—you see that in his face, perfectly. At last St. Honore consents to be bishop. There he sits on a throne, and has his book now grandly on his desk, instead of his knees, and he directs one of the village curates how to find relics in a wood. Here is the wood and here is the village curate, and here are the tombs, with the bones of Saints Victorion and Gentien in them.

“After this St. Honore performs grand High Mass, and the miracle occurs of the appearance of a hand blessing the wafer, which occurrence was afterwards painted for the arms of the abbey. Then St. Honore dies. There is his tomb, with his statue on the top, and miracles are being performed at it—a deaf man having his ear touched, and a blind man groping his way up to the tomb with his dog. Then there is a great procession in honor of the relics of St. Honore, and under his coffin are some cripples being healed; and the coffin itself is put above the bar which separates the cross from the lower



subjects, because the tradition is that the figure on the crucifix of the Church of St. Firmin bowed its head in token of acceptance as the relics of St. Honore passed beneath.

“Now just consider the amount of sympathy with human nature and observance of it, shown in this one bas relief—the sympathy with disputing monk, with puzzled aldermen, with melancholy recluse, with triumphant prelate, with palsy stricken poverty, with ecclesiastical magnificence and miracle working faith. Consider how much intellect was needed in the architect, and how much observance of nature, before he could give the expression to these various figures, cast these multitudinous draperies, design these rich and quaint fragments of tombs and altars and weave with perfect animation the entangled branches of the forest.”

B. J. S. CAHILL.



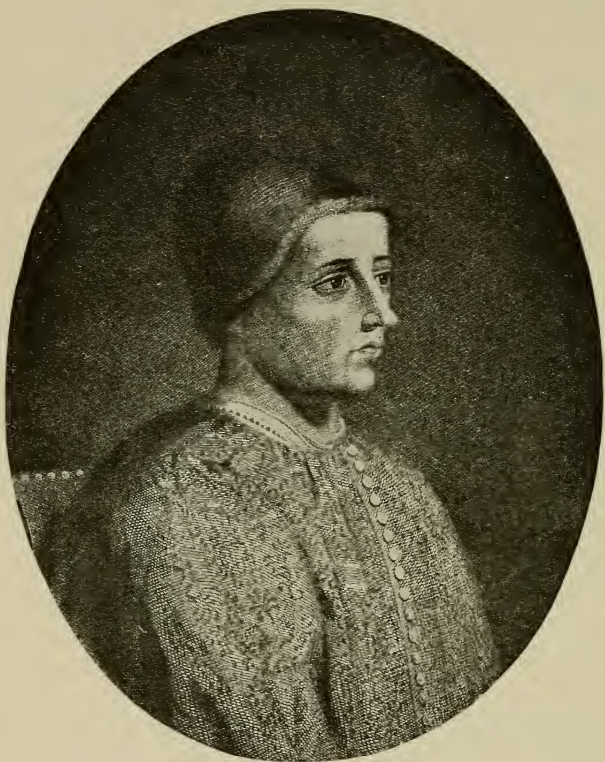
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“THERE IS NO REAL CULTURE WITHOUT CHARACTER, AND THE MERE APTITUDE FOR KNOWING AND DOING WITHOUT CHARACTER IS MERELY THE SIMIAN CLEVERNESS THAT OFTEN DAZZLES BUT NEVER DOES ANYTHING OF IMPORTANCE.”



JACQUES COEUR



A MERCHANT PRINCE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

TO VALIANT hearts nothing is impossible," though an arrogant device, was one whose boastfulness the first great merchant prince of France more than justified. Few kings have cut as considerable a figure as that king's treasurer to whom no material achievement was impossible, whether it was of his "valiant heart" or to his extraordinarily shrewd head, that Jacques Coeur owed his richly burdened fleets, his more than royally sumptuous palaces, and his army of highly distinguished debtors. It may even be due to cool impersonality of those eminent triumphs of his that the supreme financial genius of his age should promptly have been



committed to the posthumous obscurity he zealously labored to avert; for the contrast between his final degradation and the sustained brilliancy of his earlier success, it was success in precisely the modern acceptation of the term, has failed to make Jacques Coeur a conspicuous historic figure, and, beyond an occasional guarded mention, historians nowadays have little to say of him.

Jacques Coeur was the "favorite," that is to say, the sapient counsellor and immoderately obliging creditor of that none too kingly figure, Charles VII. The position had naturally its penalties; but what the clique of aristocrats who ultimately deposed him found hardest to accept was not Coeur's closeness to the royal favor, nor yet that they themselves were in his debt, but that this most powerful man in France, this creator of her commerce, this ambassador of her kings, this intimate of pope and foreign rulers was of frankly plebeian birth. The merchant prince made no attempt to disguise his origin. Indeed, in that he was entirely "self made", and to a certain extent proud of it, neither accident nor destiny can explain him, nor anything save the vigilant exercise of his own genius, Jacques Coeur, corresponds to an



interesting nicety with the permanent ideal of a commercial hero.

For his amazing career it was doubtless, therefore, as happy a beginning as any other that Jacques should have been born the son of an unknown fur dealer of Bourges, a quiet town, in the opening year of the fifteenth century, known for its many churches and for the excellent fabrics made by its thrifty people. There is liberal room for speculation as to how the boy spent his youth. At some time or other he was schooled briefly and at best irrelevantly, to his own ambitious purposes.

From the industrious merchants who surrounded him there came daily to his ears the common formula of shrewd tradesmanship, but only as so many crude symbols from which he was later to develop a highly inflected language. The story of the Medici and the marvels they had wrought for Florence may well have been the torch that his firmly controlled imagination awaited ; and far more compelling, to a mind of this order, than the tamer phantasies of legend, were the current tales of the wonderful commercial prowess of Venice, with her three thousand merchant vessels, her dashing victories over corsairs, and her triumphant importation



of silks, spices and indigo, of pearls, ebony and amber. Indeed, a much lesser circumstance than a visit to one of the great commercial towns of the period, to Antwerp, perhaps, or to Bruges, where the fruits of Eastern bargaining lay before him in their shining reality, would have sufficed to define to itself an ambition so unstinted. But whatever plans the shrewd, lean faced youth cherished, it is above all things certain that he kept them to himself. "No fly enters into a closed mouth," was a motto that he greatly affected, and to which he inexorably lived up.

So exceedingly deliberate was Jacques in laying the foundations of his fortune that it is not as a merchant that one first reads of him. His biographers, with every disposition in the world to gloss over his shortcomings, have invariably found the first recorded fact in the great merchant's public life something of a stumbling block, and it is indeed one which, condoned though it was by a king whose own similar irregularities left him in no position to condemn, fails to contribute to the notion of a heroic figure. Devant de Darois, Master of the Mint in Bourges, had taken the fur dealer's astute son into partnership. In 1429, Darois,



HOUSE OF JACQUES COEUR, BOURGES, FRANCE





Jacques Coeur, and one other, were accused and convicted of issuing coins under weight. The coiners pleaded the exigency of the King's debts, and their loyal desire thus ingeniously to meet them, and were let off with a fine.

The incident was a warning to the young financier's discretion, but no rebuff to his enterprise. Already his eye was fixed on the rich ports of the East; already he had stored up the capital with which to invade them. A year later he was in Alexandria, establishing blood relations with Mussulman and Christian, while learning to buy cheap from the one and sell dear to the other. And when, on his homeward voyage, the vessel was stripped of its cargo by pirates, its dauntless owner escaped, only to equip himself a second time and turn again to Egypt. The following year he was seen in Damascus, submitting, each night, to the natives exigent custom of locking Christians up within their own lodging places; by day visiting, discreet and alone, its dealers in mirrors and blades, in spices and furs, or adroitly winning favor with men in high places.

Between his voyages the young merchant, with a supreme confidence, now began to establish himself at home. For his headquarters



he chose Montpellier, through his influence to become one of the most active of mediæval towns. Already this merchants' city had a permit from the Pope Urban V. to send one ship yearly to the East, on condition that it bore no arms nor anything hurtful to the welfare of Christendom; and it had also a consul at Constantinople, "for the honor of God and the convenience of the merchants of Montpellier". Jacques had meanwhile become, doubtless in the relation of money-lender, for the royal household was in distressing straits, on friendly terms with the King; a point which his diplomacy and far-sightedness are by no means likely to have undervalued. With the Church also he shrewdly formed affiliations, and having no liking as such, for vagabondage or adventure, took a sound satisfaction in reinforcing his position as a citizen. Several years earlier he had made a well-considered request for the hand of Marée de Léodefort, daughter of the provost of Bourges, but no sentimental traditions survive in connection with this highly respectable alliance. However the excellent Madam Marée bore her lord an ambitious and greedy family, even though her own personality, if the poor lady ever had one, must have been



completely effaced upon her marriage to the redoubtable Jacques.

Being now on the best of terms with himself and his country, Jacques was free to develop and guide that instinct of success which was so keen and strong within him, and during a score or more of years when France abounded in situations that might legitimately have distracted him, with English oppressions in the north and wide-spread brigandage in the south, he pursued his end with a most accomplished concentration. His vessels multiplied until he became a very lord of the seas. In every foreign port some wisely chosen factor represented him. So unmistakably did his great wealth begin to shape itself, that it was incredible, whispered the simpler folks to each other, that trade alone should yield so much. Mysterious treasures, they guessed, must have lain in those mines about Lyons which the King had granted his money-lender. Or there were notorious alchemists, necromancers, abroad, the famous Raymond Sulle himself living in Montpellier, it was likely that one of them had sold Jacques his uncanny secret. To the young merchant the echo of these speculations was infinitely agreeable; it was an acknowledgment of the



multitude that he had outstripped it. It became therefore, an extremely congenial pastime for the successful Jacques to sit through long, mellow hours upon the flat roof of his house at Montpellier, and straining his keen eyes southward, to watch the approach of the great, gayly decorated vessels, with their many bright banners, which, with the regularity and dependableness of the tides themselves, were bringing him, in more or less liberal form, his heart's desire: but finer than those splendid cargoes of carpets and silks, cutlery and jewels, and the bourgeois splendor that he acquired by their thrifty disposition, was the far purer schism of royal appointment and distinction. So we may imagine how briefly Jacques hesitated when, in 1436, Charles offered royal reparation for the unpleasant incident at Bourges, seven years previous, by making his accomplished subject Master of the Paris Mint, a position which Jacques filled not only honorably, historians say, but also with peculiar wisdom, succeeding even in considerably restoring the value of money debased by unscrupulous sovereigns. Next came his appointment as Argentier, or Treasurer to the Crown, an office which consisted in receiving, disbursing, and



accounting for the court moneys, and whose transcendent desirability, for the merchant, lay in that it involved a residence at Court. Now, with all his "valiant heart" Jacques Coeur loved coronets and titles; and if it was a sentiment a shade less pure than patriotism that led him to attach himself to a court of such tarnished splendor, the excellent bourgeois is, at all events, not unique in his preferences. His own certificate of nobility was a further substantial satisfaction, and from this time on the three crimson hearts and the three black cockleshells which he had chosen for his arms, began abundantly to sprinkle the surface of France and to testify to the distinction of this ingenious prince of the people.

It had now become time that so great a man should have greater monuments, and these Jacques set himself conscientiously to acquire. Success had not dazzled him, made him a whit less vigilant over his own interests. At court he chose to live sumptuously and to dress richly, after the manner of his noble enemies; indeed, when, in his trial, he sought to prove that his habit had been simple and churchly, his honest servants could recall that he had worn no soberer costume than a crimson velvet



doublet, and scarlet stockings, with a velvet hat and a gold chain upon his breast. But with all these superficial emulations, the merchant was far from underrating the advantages of inherited pomp or the significance of the ownership of land ; wherefore, being destitute of inheritance, he strove to qualify as an ancestor. To this end, largely, rather than that of extending his own personal magnificence, he began the building of that palace in Bourges which not only was one of the wonders of the Europe of its day, but which stands even yet a somewhat ironical monument to the man whose memory has proved to require no such substantial receptacle. Its walls were made of stone from an ancient Roman edifice ; in its construction and furnishing, silver was throughout used in place of baser metal ; painters, sculptors, wood-carvers, the most accomplished artists of the day, labored for its embellishment ; nine years and as many fortunes went to the making of it ; and when it was done, its oddly prudent owner grudged the sums which his timid, silly wife spent in its management, and always on leaving Bourges, not only took the household silver with him, but laid out the provisions that were to last until his return.



Meanwhile Jacques had acquired, besides various others, two dwelling places in Paris, two in Tours, and four in Lyons, while he schemed constantly to add to his forty estates such others as were in the feeble grasp of bankrupt, resentful nobles.

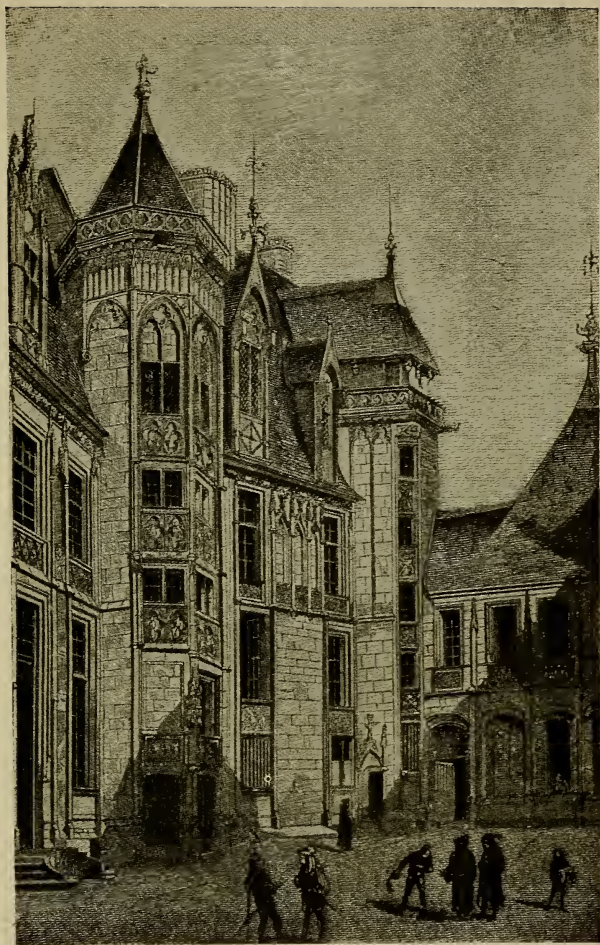
The personal friendship which it was not the least proof of his genius to have established with Eastern sovereigns, now abundantly served him ; not only in facilitating his commerce, but in assuring an almost royal consideration for his ships, his cargoes, and his three hundred industrious deputies, scattered throughout the world, nor did he hesitate publicly to make frequent and ready use of his secure relations with the East.

But of Jacques's adroitness the most striking proof lay in his relations with the Court, where he dined, often in private, with the King, and shared, doubtless too conspicuously, the royal counsels. Of his majesty's unhappy family there was not one, meanwhile, who did not find Jacques a convenient resource.

In 1444 Jacques Coeur made his first appearance as a royal deputy. The King appointed his favorite to preside over the Council of the States of Languedoc, an office which he per-



formed during that and several succeeding years. Every possible precaution toward being accepted with a vast seriousness may safely be attributed to our far-sighted merchant ; and by no means the least noticeable feature of his always seemly career, is the closeness of connection with Church and priests. He himself was a good friend of several Popes, as of many high ecclesiastics : he built chapels in Bourges and in Paris ; through his influence his oldest son, at twenty-five, was made Archbishop of Bourges ; and when, in 1447, there arose the necessity of appointing an embassy to wait upon the new Pope, Nicholas V., that he might be formally acknowledged and peace restored in the Church, whom should the King have chosen, together with the Archbishop of Rheims and two lesser dignitaries, if not that versatile financier and faithful supporter of the Church, Jacques Coeur ? For almost a century, the chroniclers said, Rome had seen nothing so magnificent or so elaborate as the manner in which the group of Frenchmen, with their great princely retinue, arrived in the papal city and fulfilled their impressive mission. Jacques, with his talent for pomp, may easily have been the real head of the enterprise ; and when, shortly after his



COURT HOUSE OF JACQUES COEUR, BOURGES, FRANCE



he fell ill of fever, the Pope regarded him with so especial a tenderness that he caused the merchant to be removed to the pontifical palace, there to await recovery.

But the episode by which Jacques Coeur will longest be remembered, is his share in the royal entry into Rouen, Rouen where, within the same reign, Jeanne d'Arc perished and Jacques Coeur lived his most brilliant hour. At a time when it seemed to the French that English oppression was no longer bearable, Charles had appealed, as for many years it had been his profitable habit, to the richest man in France; and history has ever since applauded Jacques for his famous reply, "Sire, all I have is yours." With the aid of the gold which Jacques, it is true, could well afford to advance, the French generals brought the Hundred Years War to a close, and, surely not without a certain justification, Jacques Coeur, who had never held in his hand a soldier's sword, rode with those who headed that triumphal procession. A splendid pageant it was!

Such arrogant splendor was an invitation to disaster, and disaster came. To his rivals the man's accumulation of honors was an affront, his wealth a thing tyrannous, unendurable. So



long, they declared, as the low born Jacques should flourish, the gates of fortune would be closed to his more modest countrymen. At an inevitable moment, therefore, there came the insurrection of his debtors, an amazing list they were, princes, chamberlains, stewards, bishops and soldiers, duchesses and laundry-women, countenanced, if not quite openly, by the greatest debtor of them all, the King himself. Warning rumors of his ruin were not lacking, and the one inexplicable point in Coeur's history is his insensibility to its approach. Shrewd though he was, he had at the critical hour an almost fatuous confidence in his own security. He knew, and doubtless repeated to himself, that there was no stronger man in France than he; but the strength of a hostile multitude he had not measured. On July 22, 1451, Charles gave the merchant some seven hundred livres tournois to aid him to "keep up his position and maintain his service to the King more honorably". Flattered and disarmed, his not too insistent suspicions banished, the recipient of this bounty straightway wrote his wife who sat trembling in the great palace at Bourges, that whatever might be said, his position with the King was as good as it



had ever been. Five days later he was arrested and put in prison, his possessions seized, and a commission made up of avowed enemies of the great Argentier, chosen to investigate the charge that Agnes Sorel, now eighteen months dead, had been poisoned by Jacques Coeur. From sheer preposterousness the charge fell through; but others were pressed forward in its place. Jacques, with all his churchly pretensions, had sold arms to the infidels, his accuser's said, and taken French moneys into the Levant; he had returned to Alexandria a Christian slave who had sought refuge in his ship; he had forcibly caused men to embark upon his merchant vessels; he had made coins under weight, and he had appropriated gifts made to the King by certain towns of Languedoc. The wretched man's protestations of innocence were futile enough. He was taken from prison to prison, brought before one commission after another, denied all aid, and at last submitted to torture.

It was not to be expected that Jacques Coeur's enemies would absolve him from public abasement; and the sentence of death having been remitted, in consideration of the Pope's intercession and the services he had rendered the



King, the unfortunate Argentier was forced at Poitiers to make the "amende honorable." Bareheaded, that is to say, and unbelted, he was brought before a vast and curious throng, where on his knees, and bearing in his hands a lighted torch weighing ten pounds, he acknowledged all the crimes of which he was accused, asking mercy of God and justice of the King. After this dismal ceremony and Jacques return to prison, there ensued a final confiscation of his property and the despoiling of his many houses. Not even yet did his persecutors spare him, and under the fear at last of actual murder, the unhappy man sent to his nephew and adopted son, Jean de Village, a letter of agonized entreaty that is still preserved. The good Jean effected a prompt rescue: and without loss of time Jacques fled to Italy and the protection of the Pope. Calixtus III. was the most generous of hosts, and in arming, not long after, a fleet of sixteen vessels to succor Rhodes, Helos and the neighboring islands, the pontiff placed the exile in assistant command. He lived, however, only long enough to get to Chios, where in dying, the great merchant prince addressed the French King, imploring for his children the capricious sovereign's favor.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

VOL. VIII.

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JULY 25, 1914

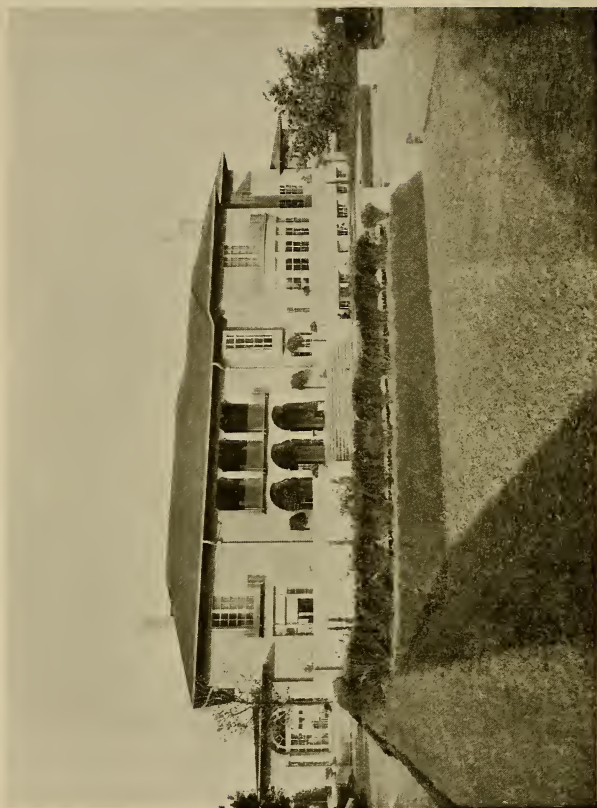


“HAVE YOU HAD A KINDNESS SHOWN?

PASS IT ON.

’T WAS NOT GIVEN FOR YOU ALONE—”

W. R. RUTHERFORD.



HOME FOR C. C. MOORE
BLISS & FAVILLE, *Architects*



AN APOLOGY FOR IDLERS.

HOW great was my surprise when, after my fair niece said : "You smile at funerals," and the worthy wife confessed to another man her trials in bearing the ever smile and row of white teeth : in turning to the book-shelf for consolation, Robert Louis Stevenson offered the following :

"Just now, when every one is bound, under pain of a decree in absence convicting them of lèse-respectability, to enter on some lucrative profession, and labor therein with something not far short of enthusiasm, a cry from the opposite party who are content when they have enough, and like to look on and enjoy in the



meanwhile, savors a little of bravado and gasconade. And yet this should not be. Idleness so called, which does not consist in doing nothing, but in doing a great deal not recognized in the dogmatic formularies of the ruling class, has as good a right to state its position as industry itself. It is admitted that the presence of people who refuse to enter in the great handicap race for sixpenny pieces, is at once an insult and a disenchantment for those who do. A fine fellow (as we see so many) takes his determination, votes for the sixpences, and in the emphatic Americanism, "goes for" them. And while such an one is ploughing distressfully up the road, it is not hard to understand his resentment, when he perceives cool persons in the meadows by the wayside, lying with a handkerchief over their ears and a glass at their elbow. Alexander is touched in a very delicate place by the disregard of Diogenes. Where was the glory of having taken Rome for these tumultuous barbarians who poured into the Senate-house, and found the Fathers sitting silent and unmoved by their success? It is a sore thing to have labored along and scaled the arduous hill tops, and when all is done, find humanity indifferent to your achievement.



Hence physicists condemn the unphysical ; financiers have only a superficial toleration for those who know little of stocks ; literary persons despise the unlettered ; and people of all pursuits combine to disparage those who have none.

But though this is one difficulty of the subject, it is not the greatest. You could not be put in prison for speaking against industry, but you can be sent to Coventry for speaking like a fool. The greatest difficulty with most subjects is to do them well ; therefore, please to remember this is an apology. It is certain that much may be judiciously argued in favor of diligence ; only there is something to be said against it, and that is what, on the present occasion, I have to say. To state one argument is not necessarily to be deaf to all others, and that a man has written a book of travels in Montenegro, is no reason why he should never have been to Richmond.

It is surely beyond a doubt that people should be a good deal idle in youth. For though here and there a Lord Macaulay may escape from school honors with all his wits about him, most boys pay so dear for their medals that they never afterwards have a shot



in their locker, and begin the world bankrupt. And the same holds true during all the time a lad is educating himself, or suffering others to educate him. It must have been a very foolish old gentleman who addressed Johnson at Oxford in these words: "Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task." The old gentleman seems to have been unaware that many other things besides reading grow irksome, and not a few become impossible, by the time a man has to use spectacles and cannot walk without a stick. Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life. It seems a pity to sit, like the Lady of Shalott, peering into a mirror, with your back turned on all the bustle and glamour of reality. And if a man reads very hard, as the old anecdote reminds us, he will have little time for thought.

If you look back on your own education, I am sure it will not be the full, vivid, instructive hours of truantry that you regret; you would rather cancel some lack-lustre periods between sleep and waking, in the class. For my own



THRONE LODGE ROOM NO. 3, MASONIC TEMPLE



part, I have attended a good many lectures in my time. I still remember that the spinning of a top is a case of Kinetic Stability. I still remember that Emphyteusis is not a disease, nor Stillicide a crime. But though I would not willingly part with such scraps of science, I do not set the same store by them as by certain other odds and ends that I came by in the open street while I was playing truant. This is not the moment to dilate on that mighty place of education which was the favorite school of Dickens and of Balzac, and turns out yearly many inglorious masters in the Science of the Aspects of Life. Suffice it to say this: if a lad does not learn in the streets, it is because he has no faculty of learning. Nor is the truant always in the streets; for if he prefers, he may go out by the gardened suburbs into the country. He may pitch on some tuft of lilacs over a burn, and smoke innumerable pipes to the tune of the water on the stones. A bird will sing in the thicket. And there he may fall into a vein of kindly thought, and see things in a new perspective. Why, if this be not education, what is? We may conceive Mr. Worldly Wiseman accosting such an one, and the conversation that would thereupon ensue:



“How now, young fellow, what dost thou here?”

“Truly, sir, I take mine ease.”

“Is not this the hour of the class? and should'st thou not be plying thy Book with diligence, to the end thou mayest obtain knowledge?”

“Nay, but thus also I follow after Learning, by your leave.”

“Learning, quotha! After what fashion, I pray thee? Is it mathematics?”

“No, to be sure.”

“Is it metaphysics?”

“Nor that.”

“Is it some language?”

“Nay, it is no language.”

“Is it a trade?”

“Nor a trade, neither.”

“Why, then, what is 't?”

“Indeed, sir, as a time may soon come for me to go upon Pilgrimage, I am desirous to note what is commonly done by persons in my case, and where are the ugliest Sloughs and Thickets on the Road; as also, what manner of Staff is of the best service. Moreover, I lie here, by this water, to learn by root-of heart, a lesson which my master teaches me to call Peace, or Contentment.”



Hereupon Mr. Worldly Wiseman was much commoved by passion, and shaking his cane with a very threatful countenance, broke forth upon this wise: "Learning, quotha!" said he, "I would have all such rogues scourged by the Hangman!"

And so he would go his way, ruffling out his cravat with a crackle of starch, like a turkey when it spreads its feathers.

Now this, of Mr. Wisemen's, is the common opinion. A fact is not called a fact, but a piece of gossip, if it does not fall into one of your scholastic categories. An inquiry must be in some acknowledged direction, with a name to go by; or else you are not inquiring at all, only lounging; and the workhouse is too good for you. It is supposed that all knowledge is at the bottom of a well, or the far end of a telescope. Saint-Beuve, as he grew older, came to regard all experience as a single great book, in which to study for a few years ere we go hence; and it seemed all one to him whether you read in Chapter xx., which is the differential calculus, or in Chapter xxxix., which is hearing the band play in the gardens. As a matter of fact, an intelligent person, looking out of his eyes and hearkening in his ears, with a smile on his



face all the time, will get more true education than many another in a life of heroic vigils. There is certainly some chill and arid knowledge to be found upon the summits of formal and laborious science ; but it is all round about you, and for the trouble of looking, that you will acquire the warm and palpitating facts of life. While others are filling their memory with a lumber of words, one half of which they will forget before the week be out, your truant may learn some really useful art : to play the fiddle, to know a good cigar, or to speak with ease and opportunity to all varieties of men. Many who have “plied their book diligently,” and know all about some one branch or another of accepted lore, come out of the study with an ancient and owl-like demeanor, and prove dry, stockish, and dyspeptic in all the better and brighter parts of life. Many make a large fortune, who remain underbred and pathetically stupid to the last. And meantime there goes the idler, who began life along with them—by your leave, a different picture. He has had time to take care of his health and his spirits ; he has been a great deal in the open air, which is the most salutary of all things for both body and mind ; and if he has never read the great



Book in very recondite places, he has dipped into it and skimmed it over to excellent purpose. Might not the student afford some Hebrew roots, and the business man some of his half-crowns, for a share of the idler's knowledge of life at large, and Art of Living? Nay, and the idler has another and more important quality than these. I mean his wisdom. He who has much looked on at the childish satisfaction of other people in their hobbies, will regard his own with only a very ironical indulgence. He will not be heard among the dogmatists. He will have a great and cool allowance for all sorts of people and opinions. If he finds no out-of-the-way truths, he will identify himself with no very burning falsehood. His way takes him along a by-road, not very much frequented, but very even and pleasant, which is called Commonplace Lane, and leads to the Belvedere of Common Sense. Thence he shall command an agreeable, if no very noble prospect; and while others behold the East and the West, the Devil and the Sunrise, he will be contentedly aware of a sort of morning hour upon all sublunary things, with an army of shadows running speedily and in many different directions into the great daylight of Eternity.



The shadows and the generations, the shrill doctors and the plangent wars, go by into ultimate silence and emptiness ; but underneath all this, a man may see, out of the Belvedere windows, much green and peaceful landscape ; many fire-lit parlors ; good people laughing, drinking, and making love as they did before the Flood, or the French Revolution ; and the old shepherd telling his tale under the hawthorn.

Extreme *busyness*, whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality ; and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity. There is a sort of dead-alive, hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some conventional occupation. Bring these fellows into the country, or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for their desk or their study. They have no curiosity ; they cannot give themselves over to random provocations ; they do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for its own sake ; and unless Necessity lays about them with a stick, they will even stand still. It is no good speaking to such folk : they *cannot* be idle, their nature is not generous enough ; and they pass those



hours in a sort of coma, which are not dedicated to furious moiling in the gold-mill. When they do not require to go to the office, when they are not hungry and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them, If they have to wait an hour or so for a train. they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open. To see them, you would suppose there was nothing to look at and no one to speak with ; you would imagine they were paralyzed or alienated ; and yet very possibly they are hard workers in their own way, and have good eyesight for a flaw in a deed, or a turn of the market. They have been to school and college, but all the time they had their eye on the medal ; they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people, but all the time they were thinking of their own affairs. As if a man's soul were not too small to begin with, they have dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play ; until here they are at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train.

Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business, is only to be sustained by perpetual



neglect of many other things. And it is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do. To an impartial estimate it will seem clear that many of the wisest, most virtuous, and most beneficent parts that are to be played upon the Theatre of Life are filled by gratuitous performers, and pass, upon the world at large, as phases of idleness. For in that Theatre, not only the walking gentlemen, singing chambermaids, and diligent fiddlers in the orchestra, but those who look on and clap their hands from the benches, do really play a part and fulfil important offices towards the general result. You are no doubt very dependent on the care of your lawyer and stockbroker, of the guards and signalmen who convey you rapidly from place to place, and the policemen who walk the streets for your protection; but is there not a thought of gratitude in your hearts for certain other benefactors who set you smiling when they fall in your way, or season your dinner with good company?

I know there are people in the world who cannot feel grateful unless the favor has been done them at the cost of pain and difficulty. But this is a churlish disposition. A man may



ORGAN BALCONY
LODGE ROOM NO. 3, MASONIC TEMPLE



send you six sheets of letter-paper covered with the most entertaining gossip, or you may pass half an hour pleasantly, perhaps profitably, over an article of his. Do you think the service would be greater, if he had made the manuscript in his heart's blood, like a compact with the devil? Do you really fancy you should be more beholden to your correspondent, if he had been damning you all the while for your importunity? Pleasures are more beneficial than duties because, like the quality of mercy, they are not strained, and they are twice blest. There must always be two to a kiss, and there may be a score in a jest; but wherever there is an element of sacrifice, the favor is conferred with pain, and, among generous people, received with confusion. There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy, we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or, when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor. The other day, a ragged, barefoot boy ran down the street after a marble, with so jolly an air that he set every one he passed into a good humor; one of these persons, who had been delivered from more than usually black



thoughts, stopped the little fellow and gave him some money with this remark : "You see what sometimes comes of looking pleased." If he had looked pleased before, he had now to look both pleased and mystified. For my part, I justify this encouragement of smiling, rather than tearful children ; I do not want to pay for tears anywhere but upon the stage ; but I am prepared to deal largely in the opposite commodity. A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good-will ; and their entrance into a room is though another candle had been lighted. It is a revolutionary precept ; but, thanks to hunger and the work-house, one not easily to be abused ; and, within practical limits, it is one of the most incontestable truths in the whole Book of Morality. Look at one of your industrious fellows for a moment, I beseech you. He sows hurry and reaps indigestion ; he puts a vast deal of activity out to interest, and receives a large measure of nervous derangement in return. Either he absents himself entirely from all fellowship, and lives a recluse in a garret, with carpet slippers and a leaden inkpot ; or he comes among people swiftly and bitterly, in a contraction of his whole



nervous system, to discharge some temper before he returns to work. I do not care how much or how well he works, this fellow is an evil feature in other people's lives. They would be happier if he were dead.

There are not many works extant, if you look the alternative all over, which are worth the price of a pound of tobacco to a man of limited means. This is a sobering reflection for the proudest of our earthly vanities. Even a tobacconist may, upon consideration, find no great cause for personal vainglory in the phrase; for although tobacco is an admirable sedative, the qualities necessary for retailing it are neither rare nor precious in themselves. Alas and alas! you may take it how you will, but the services of no single individual are indispensable. Atlas was just a gentleman with a protracted nightmare! And yet you see merchants who go and labor themselves into a great fortune and thence into the bankruptcy court; scribblers who keep scribbling at little articles until their temper is a cross to all who come about them, as though Pharaoh should set the Israelites to make a pin instead of a pyramid; and fine young men who work themselves into a decline and are driven off in a hearse with white plumes



upon it. Would you not suppose these persons had been whispered, by the Master of the Ceremonies, the promise of some momentous destiny? and that this lukewarm bullet on which they play their farces was the bull's-eye and centre-point of all the universe? And yet it is not so. The ends for which they give away their priceless youth, for all they know, may be chimerical or hurtful; the glory and riches they expect may never come, or may find them indifferent; and they and the world they inhabit are so inconsiderable that the mind freezes at the thought."



VOL. VIII.

No. 11

AUGUST 25, 1914



“THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE UNSELFISH AND SELF-SACRIFICING LOVE OF A BRUTE WHICH GOES DIRECTLY TO THE HEART OF HIM WHO HAS HAD FREQUENT OCCASION TO TEST THE PALTRY FRIENDSHIP AND GOSSAMER FIDELITY OF MERE MAN.”

THE BLACK CAT, EDGAR ALLAN POE.



DOORWAY OF DIRECTORS' ROOM
SAVINGS UNION BANK AND TRUST COMPANY

Designed and made at FURNITURE SHOP



THE DOMAIN OF ARNHEIM.

FROM his cradle to his grave a gale of prosperity bore my friend Ellison along. Nor do I use the word prosperity in its mere worldly sense. I mean it as synonymous with happiness. The person of whom I speak seemed born for the purpose of foreshadowing the doctrines of Turgot, Price, Priestley, and Condorcet—of exemplifying by individual instance what had been deemed the chimera of the perfectionists. In the brief existence of Ellison I fancy I have refuted the dogma, that in man's very nature lies some hidden principle, the antagonist of bliss. An anxious examination of his career has given me to understand that in general, from the violation of a few



simple laws of humanity arises the wretchedness of mankind—that as a species we have in our possession the as yet unwrought elements of content—and that, even now, in the present darkness and madness of all thought on the great question of the social condition, it is not impossible that man, the individual, under certain unusual and highly fortuitous conditions, may be happy.

With opinions such as these my young friend, too, was fully imbued; and thus it is worthy of observation that the uninterrupted enjoyment which distinguished his life was, in great measure, the result of preconcert. It is indeed evident, that with less of the instinctive philosophy, which now and then stands so well in the stead of experience, Mr. Ellison would have found himself precipitated by the very extraordinary success of his life into the common vortex of unhappiness which yawns for those of pre-eminent endowments. But it is by no means my object to pen an essay on happiness. The ideas of my friend may be summed up in a few words. He admitted but four elementary principles, or, more strictly, conditions of bliss. That which he considered chief was (strange to say!) the simply and



purely physical one of free exercise in the open air. "The health," he said, "attainable by other means is scarcely worth the name." He instanced the ecstasies of the fox-hunter, and pointed to the tillers of the earth, the only people who, as a class, can be fairly considered happier than others. His second condition was the love of woman. His third, and most difficult of realization, was the contempt of ambition. His fourth was an object of unceasing pursuit; and he held that, other things being equal, the extent of attainable happiness was in proportion to the spirituality of this object.

Ellison was remarkable in the continuous profusion of good gifts lavished upon him by fortune. In personal grace and beauty he exceeded all men. His intellect was of that order to which the acquisition of knowledge is less a labor than an intuition and a necessity. His family was one of the most illustrious of the empire. His bride was the loveliest and most devoted of women. His possessions had been always ample; but, on the attainment of his majority, it was discovered that one of those extraordinary freaks of fate had been played in his behalf which startle the whole social world



amid which they occur, and seldom fail radically to alter the moral constitution of those who are their objects.

It appears that, about a hundred years before Mr. Ellison's coming of age, there had died, in a remote province, one Mr. Seabright Ellison. This gentleman had amassed a princely fortune, and, having no immediate connections, conceived the whim of suffering his wealth to accumulate for a century after his decease. Minutely and sagaciously directing the various modes of investment, he bequeathed the aggregate amount to the nearest of blood bearing the name Ellison, who should be alive at the end of the hundred years. Many attempts had been made to set aside this singular bequest; their *ex post facto* character rendered them abortive; but the attention of a jealous government was aroused, and a legislative act finally obtained, forbidding all similar accumulations. This act, however, did not prevent young Ellison from entering into possession, on his twenty-first birth-day, as the heir of his ancestor Seabright, of a fortune of four hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

When it had become known that such was the enormous wealth inherited, there were, of



DIRECTORS' ROOM
SAVINGS UNION BANK AND TRUST COMPANY



course, many speculations as to the mode of its disposal. The magnitude and the immediate availability of the sum bewildered all who thought on the topic. The possessor of any appreciable amount of money might have been imagined to perform any one of a thousand things. With riches merely surpassing those of any citizen, it would have been easy to suppose him engaging to supreme excess in the fashionable excesses of his time—of busying himself with political intrigue—or aiming at ministerial power—or purchasing increase of nobility—or collecting large museums of *virtu*—or playing the munificent patron of letters, of science, of art—or endowing and bestowing his name upon extensive institutions of charity. But for the inconceivable wealth in the actual possession of the heir, these objects and all ordinary objects were felt to afford too limited a field. Recourse was had to figures, and these but sufficed to confound. It was seen that, even at three per cent, the annual income of the inheritance amounted to no less than thirteen millions and five hundred thousand dollars; which was one million and one hundred and twenty-five thousand per month; or thirty-six thousand nine hundred and eighty-six per



day ; or one thousand five hundred and forty-one per hour ; or six and twenty dollars for every minute that flew. Thus the usual track of supposition was thoroughly broken up. Men knew not what to imagine. There were some who even conceived that Mr. Ellison would divest himself of at least one-half of his fortune, as of utterly superfluous opulence—enriching whole troops of his relatives by division of his superabundance. To the nearest of these he did, in fact, abandon the very unusual wealth which was his own before the inheritance.

I was not surprised, however, to perceive that he had long made up his mind on a point which had occasioned so much discussion to his friends. Nor was I greatly astonished at the nature of his decision. In regard to individual charities he had satisfied his conscience. In the possibility of any improvement, properly so called, being effected by man himself in the general condition of man, he had (I am sorry to confess it) little faith. Upon the whole, whether happily or unhappily, he was thrown back, in very great measure, upon self.

In the widest and noblest sense he was a poet. He comprehended, moreover, the true character, the august aims, the supreme majesty



and dignity of the poetic sentiment. The fullest, if not the sole proper satisfaction of this sentiment he instinctively felt to lie in the creation of novel forms of beauty. Some peculiarities, either in his early education or in the nature of his intellect, had tinged with what is termed materialism all his ethical speculations; and it was this bias, perhaps, which led him to believe that the most advantageous at least, if not the sole legitimate field for the poetic exercise, lies in the creation of novel moods of purely *physical* loveliness. Thus it happened he became neither musician nor poet—if we use this latter term in its every-day acceptation. Or it might have been that he neglected to become either, merely in pursuance of his idea that in contempt of ambition is to be found one of the essential principles of happiness on earth. Is it not, indeed, possible that, while a high order of genius is necessarily ambitious, the highest is above that which is termed ambition? And may it not thus happen that many far greater than Milton have contentedly remained “mute and inglorious?” I believe that the world has never seen—and that, unless through some series of accidents goading the noblest order of mind into distasteful exertion,



the world will never see—that full extent of triumphant execution, in the richer domains of art, of which the human nature is absolutely capable.

Ellison became neither musician nor poet; although no man lived more profoundly enamoured of music and poetry. Under other circumstances than those which invested him, it is not impossible that he would have become a painter. Sculpture, although in its nature rigorously poetical, was too limited in its extent and consequences, to have occupied, at any time, much of his attention. And I have now mentioned all the provinces in which the common understanding of the poetic sentiment has declared it capable of expatiating. But Ellison maintained that the richest, the truest, and most natural, if not altogether the most extensive province, had been unaccountably neglected. No definition had spoken of the landscape-gardener as of the poet; yet it seemed to my friend that the creation of the landscape-garden offered to the proper Muse the most magnificent of opportunities. Here, indeed, was the fairest field for the display of imagination in the endless combining of forms of novel beauty; the elements to enter into combination being,



by a vast superiority, the most glorious which the earth could afford. In the multiform and multicolor of the flower and the trees, he recognized the most direct and energetic efforts of Nature at Physical loveliness. And in the direction or concentration of this effort—or, more properly, in its adaptation to the eyes which were to behold it on earth—he perceived that he should be employing the best means—laboring to the greatest advantage—in the fulfilment, not only of his own destiny as poet, but of the august purposes for which the Deity had implanted the poetic sentiment in man.

“Its adaptation to the eyes which were to behold it on earth.” In his explanation of this phraseology, Mr. Ellison did much towards solving what has always seemed to me an enigma—I mean the fact (which none but the ignorant dispute) that no such combination of scenery exists in nature as the painter of genius may produce. No such paradises are to be found in reality as have glowed on the canvas of Claude. In the most enchanting of natural landscapes there will always be found a defect or an excess—many excesses and defects. While the component parts may defy, individually, the highest skill of the artist, the



arrangement of these parts will always be susceptible of improvement. In short, no position can be attained on the wide surface of the *natural* earth, from which an artistical eye, looking steadily, will not find matter of offence in what is termed the "composition" of the landscape. And yet how unintelligible is this ! In all other matters we are justly instructed to regard nature as supreme. With her details we shrink from competition. Who shall presume to imitate the colors of the tulip, or to improve the proportions of the lily of the valley ? The criticism which says, of sculpture or portraiture, that here nature is to be exalted or idealized rather than imitated, is in error. No pictorial or sculptural combinations of points of human loveliness do more than approach the living and breathing beauty. In landscape alone is the principle of the critic true ; and having felt its truth here, it is but the headlong spirit of generalisation which has led him to pronounce it true throughout all the domains of art. Having, I say *felt* its truth here ; for the feeling is no affectation or chimera. The mathematics afford no more absolute demonstrations than the sentiment of his art yields the artist. He not only believes, but positively



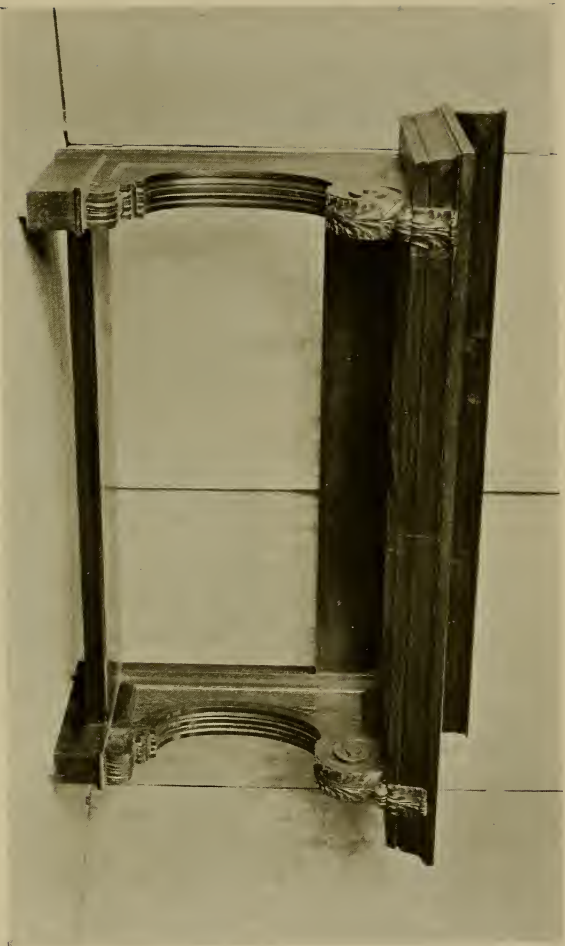
knows, that such and such apparently arbitrary arrangements of matter constitute, and alone constitute, the true beauty. His reasons, however, have not yet been matured into expression. It remains for a more profound analysis than the world has yet seen, fully to investigate and express them. Nevertheless he is confirmed in his instinctive opinions by the voice of all his brethren. Let a "composition" be defective; let an emendation be wrought in its mere arrangement of form; let this emendation be submitted to every artist in the world; by each will its necessity be admitted. And even far more than this: in remedy of the defective composition each insulated member of the fraternity whuld have suggested the identical emendation.

I repeat that in landscape arrangements alone is the physical nature susceptible of exaltation, and that therefore her susceptibility of improvement at this one point was a mystery I had been unable to solve. My own thoughts on the subject had rested in the idea that the primitive intention of nature would have so arranged the earth's surface as to have fulfilled at all points man's sense of perfection in the beautiful, the sublime, or the picturesque; but that this



primitive intention had been frustrated by the known geological disturbances—disturbances of form and color-grouping, in the correction or allaying of which lies the soul of art. The force of this idea was much weakened, however, by the necessity which it involved of considering the disturbances abnormal and unadapted to any purpose. It was Ellison who suggested that they were prognostic of *death*. He thus explained:—Admit the earthly immortality of man to have been the first intention. We have then the primitive arrangement of the earth's surface adapted to his blissful estate, as not existent but designed. The disturbances were the preparations for his subsequently conceived deathful condition.

“Now,” said my friend, “what we regard as exaltation of the landscape may be really such, as respects only the moral or human *point of view*. Each alternation of the natural scenery may possibly effect a blemish in the picture, if we can suppose this picture viewed at large—in mass—from some point distant from the earth's surface, although not beyond the limits of its atmosphere. It is easily understood that what might improve a closely scrutinised detail, may at the same time injure



CONSOLE. *Designed and made at FURNITURE SHOP*



a general or more distantly observed effect. There *may* be a class of beings, human once, but now invisible to humanity, to whom, from afar, our disorder may seem order—our unpicturesqueness picturesque; in a word, the earth-angels, for whose scrutiny more especially than our own, and for whose death-refined appreciation of the beautiful, may have been set in array by God the wide landscape-gardens of the hemispheres.”

In the course of discussion, my friend quoted some passages from a writer on landscape-gardening, who has been supposed to have well-treated his theme:

“There are properly but two styles of landscape gardening, the natural and the artificial. One seeks to recall the original beauty of the country, by adapting its means to the surrounding scenery; cultivating trees in harmony with the hills or plain of the neighboring land; detecting and bringing into practice those nice relations of size, proportion, and color which, hid from the common observer, are revealed everywhere to the experienced student of nature. The result of the natural style of gardening is seen rather in the absence of all defects and incongruities—in the prevalence of a



healthy harmony and order—than in the creation of any special wonders or miracles. The artificial style has as many varieties as there are different tastes to gratify. It has a certain general relation to the various styles of building. There are the stately avenues and retirements of Versailles; Italian terraces; and a various mixed old English style, which bears some relation to the Domestic Gothic or English Elizabethan architecture. Whatever may be said against the abuses of the artificial landscape-gardening, a mixture of pure art in a garden scene adds to it a great beauty. This is partly pleasing to the eye, by the show of order and design, and partly moral. A terrace with an old moss-covered balustrade calls up at once to the eye the fair forms that have passed there in other days. The slightest exhibition of art is an evidence of care and human interest.”

“From what I have already observed,” said Ellison, “you will understand that I reject the idea, here expressed, of recalling the original beauty of the country. The original beauty is never so great as that which may be introduced. Of course, everything depends on the selection of a spot with capabilities. What is said about



detecting and bringing into practice nice relations of size, proportion, and color, is one of those mere vaguenesses of speech which serve to veil inaccuracy of thought. The phrase quoted may mean anything, or nothing, and guides in no degree. That the true result of the natural style of gardening is seen rather in the absence of all defects and incongruities than in the creation of any special wonders or miracles, is a proposition better suited to the grovelling apprehension of the herd than to the fervid dreams of the man of genius. The negative merit suggested appertains to that hobbling criticism which, in letters, would elevate Addison into apotheosis. In truth, while that virtue which consists in the mere avoidance of vice appeals directly to the understanding, and can thus be circumscribed in *rule*, the loftier virtue, which flames in creation, can be apprehended in its results alone. Rule applies but to the merits of denial—to the excellences which refrain. Beyond these, the critical art can but suggest. We may be instructed to build a 'Cato,' but we are in vain told *how* to conceive a Parthenon or an 'Inferno.' The thing done, however—the wonder accomplished—and the capacity for apprehension becomes universal.



“The author’s observations on the artificial style,” continued Ellison, “are less objectionable. A mixture of pure art in a garden scene adds to it a great beauty. This is just; as also is the reference to the sense of human interest. In the most rugged of wildernesses—in the most savage of the scenes of pure nature—there is apparent the *art* of a creator; yet this art is apparent to reflection only; in no respect has it the obvious force of a feeling. Now let us suppose this sense of the Almighty design to be *one step depressed*—let us imagine, for example, a landscape whose combined vastness and definitiveness—whose united beauty, magnificence, and *strangeness*, shall convey the idea of care, or culture, or superintendence, on the part of beings superior, yet akin to humanity—then the sentiment of *interest* is preserved, while the art interwoven is made to assume the air of an intermediate or secondary nature—a nature which is not God, nor an emanation from God, but which still is nature in the sense of the handiwork of the angels that hover between man and God.”

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“IT WAS IN THE SUMMER MONTHS WHEN THE
SUN BEATS UPON NATURE’S PRODUCTS AND THE
INDUSTRIOUS FARMERS, THAT DAVID THE YOUNG
MAN OF TENDER QUALITIES WANDERED AWAY
FROM THE SPIRITED AND JOYOUS CITY TO DWELL
IN THE HEAVENLY VALLEY CLOSE TO THE CALM
SEA.”



FRAGMENT FROM DECORATION IN COMMANDERY

From Painting by ARTHUR F. MATHEWS



THE DOMAIN OF ARNHEIM.



T WAS in devoting his enormous wealth to the embodiment of a vision such as this—in the free exercise in the open air ensured by the personal supervision of his plans—in the unceasing object which these plans afforded, in the high spirituality of the object, in the contempt of ambition which it enabled him truly to feel, in the perennial springs which it gratified, without possibility of satiating, that one master passion of his soul, the thirst for beauty; above all, it was in the sympathy of a woman, not unwomanly, whose loveliness and love enveloped his existence in the purple atmosphere of Paradise, that Ellison thought to find, *and found*, exemption from the ordinary



cares of humanity, with a far greater amount of positive happiness than ever glowed in the rapt day-dreams of De Staël.

I despair of conveying to the reader any distinct conception of the marvels which my friend did actually accomplish. I wish to describe, but am disheartened by the difficulty of description, and hesitate between detail and generality. Perhaps the better course will be to unite the two in their extremes.

Mr. Ellison's first step regarded, of course, the choice of a locality; and scarcely had he commenced thinking on this point, when the luxuriant nature of the Pacific Islands arrested his attention. In fact he had made up his mind for a voyage to the South Seas, when a night's reflection induced him to abandon the idea. "Were I misanthropic," he said, "such a *locale* would suit me. The thoroughness of its insulation and seclusion, and the difficulty of ingress and egress, would in such case be the charm of charms; but as yet I am not Timon. I wish the composure but not the depression of solitude. There must remain with me a certain control over the extent and duration of my repose. There will be frequent hours in which I shall need, too, the sympathy



of the poetic in what I have done. Let me seek then a spot not far from a populous city—whose vicinity will also best enable me to execute my plans.”

In search of a suitable place so situated Ellison travelled for several years, and I was permitted to accompany him. A thousand spots with which I was enraptured he rejected without hesitation for reasons which satisfied me in the end that he was right. We came at length to an elevated table-land of wonderful fertility and beauty, affording a panoramic prospect very little less in extent than that of *Ætna*, and, in Ellison’s opinion, as well as my own, surpassing the far-famed view from that mountain in all the true elements of the picturesque.

“I am aware,” said the traveller, as he drew a sigh of deep delight after gazing on this scene, entranced, for nearly an hour, “I know that here, in my circumstances, nine-tenths of the most fastidious of men would rest content. This panorama is indeed glorious, and I should rejoice in it but for the excess of its glory. The taste of all the architects I have ever known leads them, for the sake of ‘prospect’ to put up buildings on hill-tops. The error



is obvious. Grandeur in any of its moods, but especially in that of extent, startles, excites—and then fatigues, depresses. For the occasional scene nothing can be better—for the constant view nothing worse. And, in the constant view, the most objectionable phase of grandeur is that of extent; the worst phase of extent that of distance. It is at war with the sentiment and with the sense of *seclusion*—the sentiment and sense which we seek to humor in ‘retiring to the country.’ In looking from the summit of a mountain we cannot help feeling *abroad* in the world. The heart-sick avoid distant prospects as a pestilence.”

It was not until towards the close of the fourth year of our search that we found a locality with which Ellison professed himself satisfied. It is of course needless to say where was the locality. The late death of my friend, in causing his domain to be thrown open to certain classes of visitors, has given to *Arnheim* a species of secret and subdued if not solemn celebrity, similar in kind, although infinitely superior in degree, to that which so long distinguished Fonthill.

The usual approach to Arnheim was by the river. The visitor left the city in the early



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morning. During the forenoon he passed between shores of a tranquil and domestic beauty, on which grazed innumerable sheep, their white fleeces spotting the vivid green of rolling meadows. By degrees the idea of cultivation subsided into that of merely pastoral care. This slowly became merged in a sense of retirement—this again in a consciousness of solitude. As the evening approached the channel grew more narrow; the banks more and more precipitous; and these latter were clothed in richer, more profuse, and more sombre foliage. The water increased in transparency. The stream took a thousand turns, so that at no moment could its gleaming surface be seen for a greater distance than a furlong. At every instant the vessel seemed imprisoned within an enchanted circle, having insuperable and impenetrable walls of foliage, a roof of ultramarine satin, and *no* floor—the keel balancing itself with admirable nicety on that of a phantom bark which, by some accident having been turned upside down, floated in constant company with the substantial one for the purpose of sustaining it. The channel now became a *gorge*—although the term is somewhat inapplicable, and I employ it merely because the



language has no word which better represents the most striking—not the most distinctive—feature of the scene. The character of gorge was maintained only in the height and parallelism of the shores; it was lost altogether in their other traits. The walls of the ravine (through which the clear water still tranquilly flowed) arose to an elevation of a hundred and occasionally of a hundred and fifty feet, and inclined so much towards each other as in a great measure to shut out the light of day; while the long plume-like moss which depended densely from the intertwining shrubberies overhead gave the whole chasm an air of funereal gloom. The windings became more frequent and intricate, and seemed often as if returning in upon themselves, so that the voyager had long lost all idea of direction. He was, moreover, enwrapt in an exquisite sense of the strange. The thought of nature still remained, but her character seemed to have undergone modification; there was a weird symmetry, a thrilling uniformity, a wizard propriety, in these her works. Not a dead branch—not a withered leaf—not a stray pebble—not a patch of the brown earth was anywhere visible. The crystal water welled up against



the clean granite or the unblemished moss with a sharpness of outline that delighted while it bewildered the eye.

Having threaded the mazes of this channel for some hours, the gloom deepening every moment, a sharp and unexpected turn of the vessel brought it suddenly, as if dropped from heaven, into a circular basin of very considerable extent when compared with the width of the gorge. It was about two hundred yards in diameter, and girt in at all points but one. that immediately fronting the vessel as it entered, by hills equal in general height to the walls of the chasm, although of a thoroughly different character. Their sides sloped from the water's edge at an angle of some forty-five degrees, and they were clothed from base to summit—not a perceptible point escaping—in a drapery of the most gorgeous flower blossoms; scarcely a green leaf being visible among the sea of odorous and fluctuating color. This basin was of great depth, but so transparent was the water that the bottom, which seemed to consist of a thick mass of small round alabaster pebbles, was distinctly visible by glimpses, that is to say, whenever the eye could permit itself *not* to see far down in the inverted heaven the



duplicate blooming of the hills. On these latter there were no trees, nor even shrubs of any size. The impressions wrought on the observer were those of richness, warmth, color, quietude, uniformity, softness, delicacy, daintiness, voluptuousness, and a miraculous extremeness of culture that suggested dreams of a new race of fairies, laborious, tasteful, magnificent, and fastidious; but as the eye traced upward the myriad-tinted slope, from its sharp junction with the water to its vague termination within the folds of overhanging cloud, it became indeed difficult not to fancy a panoramic cataract of rubies, sapphires, opals, and golden onyxes, rolling silently out of the sky.

The visitor, shooting suddenly into this bay from out the gloom of the ravine, is delighted, but astounded by the full orb of the declining sun, which he had supposed to be already far below the horizon, but which now confronts him and forms the sole termination of an otherwise limitless vista seen through another chasm-like rift in the hills.

But here the voyager quits the vessel which has borne him so far, and descends into a light canoe of ivory, stained with arabesque devices in vivid scarlet, both within and without. The



poop and beak of this boat arise high above the water with sharp points, so that the general form is that of an irregular crescent. It lies on the surface of the bay with the proud grace of a swan. On its ermined floor reposes a single feathery paddle of satin-wood; but no oarsman or attendant is to be seen. The guest is bidden to be of good cheer—that the fates will take care of him. The larger vessel disappears, and he is left alone in the canoe, which lies apparently motionless in the middle of the lake. While he considers what course to pursue, however, he becomes aware of a gentle movement in the fairy bark. It slowly swings itself around until its prow points towards the sun. It advances with a gentle but gradually accelerated velocity, while the slight ripples it creates seem to break about the ivory sides in divinest melody—seem to offer the only possible explanation of the soothing yet melancholy music for whose unseen origin the bewildered voyager looks around him in vain.

The canoe steadily proceeds, and the rocky gate of the vista is approached, so that its depths can be more distinctly seen. To the right arise a chain of lofty hills rudely and luxuriantly wooded. It is observed, however,



that the trait of exquisite *cleanness* where the bank dips into the water still prevails. There is not one token of the usual rivet *debris*. To the left the character of the scene is softer and more obviously artificial. Here the bank slopes upward from the stream in a very gentle ascent, forming a broad sward of grass, of a texture resembling nothing so much as velvet, and of a brilliancy of green which would bear comparison with the tint of the purest emerald. This *plateau* varies in width from ten to three hundred yards; reaching from the river bank to a wall, fifty feet high, which extends in an infinity of curves, but following the general direction of the river until lost in the distance to the westward. This wall is of one continuous rock, and has been formed by cutting perpendicularly the once rugged precipice of the stream's southern bank; but no trace of the labor has been suffered to remain. The chiselled stone has the hue of ages, and is profusely overhung and overspread with the ivy, the coral honeysuckle, the eglantine, and the clematis. The uniformity of the top and bottom lines of the wall is fully relieved by occasional trees of gigantic height, growing singly or in small groups, both along the *plateau* and



in the domain behind the wall, but in close proximity to it ; so that frequent limbs (of the black walnut especially) reach over and dip their pendant extremities into the water. Farther back within the domain the vision is impeded by an impenetrable screen of foliage.

These things are observed during the canoe's gradual approach to what I have called the gate of the vista. On drawing nearer to this, however, its chasm-like appearance vanishes ; a new outlet from the bay is discovered to the left, in which direction the wall is also seen to sweep, still following the general course of the stream. Down this new opening the eye cannot penetrate very far ; for the stream, accompanied by the wall, still bends to the left until both are swallowed up by the leaves.

The boat, nevertheless, glides magically into the winding channel ; and here the shore opposite the wall is found to resemble that opposite the wall in the straight vista. Lofty hills, rising occasionally into mountains, and covered with vegetation in wild luxuriance, still shut in the scene.

Floating gently onward, but with a velocity slightly augmented, the voyager, after many short turns, finds his progress apparently barred



by a gigantic gate or rather door of burnished gold, elaborately carved and fretted, and reflecting the direct rays of the now fast sinking sun with an effulgence that seems to wreath the whole surrounding forest in flames. This gate is inserted in the lofty wall ; which here appears to cross the river at right angles. In a few moments, however, it is seen that the main body of the water still sweeps in a gentle and extensive curve to the left, the wall following it as before, while a stream of considerable volume, diverging from the principal one, makes its way with a slight ripple, under the door, and is thus hidden from sight. The canoe falls into the lesser channel and approaches the gate. Its ponderous wings are slowly and musically expanded. The boat glides between them, and commences a rapid descent into a vast amphitheatre entirely begirt with purple mountains, whose bases are laved with a gleaming river throughout the full extent of their circuit. Meantime the whole Paradise of Arnheim bursts upon the view. There is a gush of entrancing melody ; there is an oppressive sense of strange sweet odor ;—there is a dream-like intermingling to the eye of tall slender Eastern trees, bosky shrubberies, flocks



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of golden and crimson birds, lily-fringed lakes, meadows of violets, tulips, poppies, hyacinths, and tuberoses, long intertangled lines of silver streamlets, and, upspringing confusedly from amid all, a mass of semi-Gothic, semi-Saracenic architecture, sustaining itself as if by miracle in mid-air, glittering in the red sunlight with a hundred oriels, minarets, and pinacles ; and seeming the phantom handiwork conjointly of the Sylphs, of the Fairies, of the Genii, and of the Gnomes.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.





LIONIZING.



AM, that is to say I *was*, a great man, but I am neither the author of Junius, nor the Man in the Iron Mask, for my name, I believe, is Robert Jones, and I was born somewhere in the city of Fum-Fudge.

The first action of my life was the taking hold of my nose with both hands. My mother saw this and called me a genius, my father wept for joy and presented me with a treatise on Nosology. This I mastered before I was breeched.

I now began to feel my way in the science, and soon came to understand that, provided a man had a nose sufficiently conspicuous he might, by merely following it, arrive at a Lionship. But my attention was not confined to theories alone. Every morning I gave my proboscis a couple of pulls and swallowed a half-dozen of drams.

When I came of age my father asked me one day if I would step with him into his study.



“My son,” said he, when we were seated, “what is the chief end of your existence?”

“My father,” I answered, “it is the study of Nosology.”

“And what, Robert,” he inquired, “is Nosology?”

“Sir,” I said, “it is the Science of Noses.”

“And can you tell me,” he demanded, “what is the meaning of a nose?”

“A nose, my father,” I replied, greatly softened, “has been variously defined by about a thousand different authors.” [Here I pulled out my watch.] “It is now noon or thereabouts; we shall have time enough to get through with them all before midnight. To commence then: The nose, according to Bartholinus, is that protuberance—that bump—that excrescence—that”——

“Will do, Robert,” interrupted the good old gentleman. “I am thunderstruck at the extent of your information—I am positively—upon my soul.” [Here he closed his eyes and placed his hand upon his heart.] “Come here!” [Here he took me by the arm.] “Your education may now be considered as finished—it is high time you should scuffle for yourself—and you cannot do a better thing



than merely follow your nose—so—so—so”—
[Here he kicked me down stairs and out of
the door.]—“so get out of my house, and
God bless you!”

As I felt within me the divine *afflatus* I considered this accident rather fortunate than otherwise. I resolved to be guided by the paternal advice. I determined to follow my nose. I gave it a pull or two upon the spot, and wrote a pamphlet on Nosology forthwith.





